HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIV.—No. 1250.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE PEOPLE'S PLEASURE-GROUND APPROPRIATED.

HOW TO CREATE THE OPPOSITION OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD, RICH OR POOR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 57 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November 30, contains, among other attractive features, a poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," illustrated and set to music.*

As the stories of "Paul Grayson" and "The Boy General" end with this number, that of next week will contain the opening chapters of two fascinating new serials, one for boys and the other for girls. That intended more especially for the boys is "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus." It is the story of a boy who, fascinated by the glitter and glare of a circus, runs away from home to join it; of his adventures, hardships, bitter experience, final escape, and return to his home. This story will be finely illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. *The story for girls is "Mildred's Bargain," written by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *and illustrated by* MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPPARD.

BLACKMORE'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story, entitled

CHRISTOWELL,

by the popular novelist R. D. BLACKMORE, *author of "Lorna Doone," "Mary Anerley," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc., will be begun in the next number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A four-page SUPPLEMENT, *containing a page illustration and attractive reading matter, is sent out gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Besides the continuation of MR. JAMES PAYN'S *interesting serial, "*A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT,*" our readers will find a full list of Holiday Books.*

NEW YORK POLITICS.

A YEAR ago last January Mr. CONKLING was re-elected Senator without opposition in the Republican caucus, although it was known that the unanimity was apparent only. It is now understood that the Republicans of whom Mr. CONKLING is the leader will endeavor to secure Mr. L. P. MORTON, Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, or possibly Speaker SHARPE, as Mr. CONKLING'S colleague. Politically speaking, any one of these gentlemen would be the echo and shadow of Mr. CONKLING, and make him the single, or double, or more accurately—considering the new Vice-President—the triple Senator from New York. Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus was three gentlemen at once, and Mr. CONKLING'S Senatorial ambition apparently emulates Mrs. Malaprop's derangement of epitaphs. Of the three candidates named, Speaker SHARPE is the ablest and strongest, and he is not an original "CONKLING man." But he is closely allied with "the machine" as the winning power, and, as he would owe his election to it, he could be relied upon as an unprotesting second to the senior Senator. Mr. MORTON, now a Representative in Congress from the city, is less known in the State than Speaker SHARPE or Mr. PLATT. Mr. MORTON is an amiable gentleman whose political pride it is to follow Mr. CONKLING. His election would give the senior Senator another vote. Mr. PLATT was formerly a Representative from the Tioga district. He is chairman of the Executive Committee of the State Committee, and one of the chief machine drivers. Mr. CROWLEY, formerly District Attorney of the Western District, and now, according to the Congressional Directory, a Representative from the Niagara district, has been also mentioned. The election of any one of these gentlemen would, under the courtesy of the Senate, seriously embarrass the administration of President GARFIELD, so far as the State of New York is concerned. The "machine" would desire, for instance, the control of the Custom-house, which President HAYES has removed from its grasp. If President GARFIELD should see no good reason for surrendering to the "machine," and for abandoning the admirable system which is now pursued at the Custom-house, the triple Senator would oppose him as he has opposed President HAYES. A machine, like a boss, divides political mankind into two classes—its slaves and its enemies. President GARFIELD will find that there is no other alternative. But he may wisely reflect that President HAYES has not found the enmity of the New York machine injurious to him or to the Republican party. Indeed, except for his quiet defiance of it, in the teeth of a hurricane of insulting innuendo and sophomoric bluster, it is doubtful whether General GARFIELD would have been elected.

Since the re-election of Mr. CONKLING a very significant change has taken place in Republican sentiment in New York, or rather in its frank expression. He was re-elected, as we have said, without a single word of opposition in the caucus. But within less than two years it is at least doubtful whether he can appoint his colleague without a sharp contest. The Senate of the State is strongly opposed to him, and it is understood that a very large and powerful minority, if not an actual majority, of the Assembly would prefer relief from the yoke of the machine. This prodigious change in the situation is due to disgust and indignation with the machine. Under its domination the condition of political distinction and promotion is not fidelity to Republican principle, nor ability for the public service, nor the respect and confidence of the community: it is absolute servility and liberal gifts of money to the machine. The machine-made leaders of the party in this State are well known, and their fitness to represent the Republican character, intelligence, and ability of New York is accurately estimated. It is not surprising that there is a rapidly growing impatience of such leadership, and a louder and louder protest against its tyranny. So long as the Republican organization seems to be necessary for securing certain great national results, this protest, without renouncing the party, will seek to commend it to national confidence by emancipating it from so humiliating a control, and this effort was never more promising than it is now. A writer in the *Herald* is inclined to the opinion that a majority of Republicans in New York are opposed to the machine, but that they can not make their opposition effective because they are a mob as against an army. The writer amusingly calls them self-righteous sentimentalists because they do not wear a machine collar, and sneers at their independence, as if without independence there would be any objection to the collar. Undoubtedly they are not as well disciplined as their opponents. But it is the very fact that in a great State like New York there is a certain number of party adherents who, whether disciplined or not, will not wear the collar, which saves the party. Those, therefore, who think any contest with the machine hopeless should study the facts.

Mr. CONKLING was re-elected unanimously in January, 1879. In September, 1879, he secured the nomination of his ally, Mr. CORNELL, as Governor, by a bare majority of the Convention. At the election Mr. CORNELL was defeated as against the combined Democratic vote. He was made Governor, not by Republican votes, but by the Democratic division. There were twenty thousand Republicans at least who declined to vote for "the machine" in the person of Mr. CORNELL, and they left him in a minority. But they all voted for Comptroller WADSWORTH, who was anti-machine, and gave him a majority over his Democratic competitor. The State campaign of 1879 was intended to control the national campaign of 1880 by giving the entire State patronage to the machine, and enabling it to send a solid machine delegation to Chicago. Mr. CONKLING superintended the State Convention in person. He pleaded strenuously for a ball-and-chain delegation. It was to be branded, like a flock of sheep, with the name of the owner. He tried to set aside the declared will of the districts, and failed, but the delegation was made a machine "unit" so far as a resolution could do it. But there were delegates who preferred to be men rather than sheep, and the machine, which had been beaten by Republican votes at the polls in 1879, was beaten at every point in the National Republican Convention of 1880, except in the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which was conceded to it. It could not even suppress a declaration in favor of civil service reform, which it hates, and its "true inwardness" was exposed amid roars of laughter by the ingenuous FLANAGAN, of Flanagan's Mills, Texas. To make its defeat conspicuous and memorable, the National Convention declared the ball-and-chain style of delegation to be unworthy of Republicans by providing that delegates to the next Convention should be elected by districts. General GARFIELD'S nomination represents this rout of the machine, and he is just as acceptable to it as Mr. HAYES in 1876, and no more. If it can enslave him, it will tolerate him. If it can not, it will fight him as it has fought President HAYES.

But the President has held fast. He took from the machine the control of the New York Custom-house, and although "the Ring" has pretended great contempt for him, the mere cutting off that supply of the strength of the machine has been followed by the palpable decline of its power. The perception that the successor of President HAYES does not intend to restore that control would dismay and demoralize "the Ring"—the secret of whose power is patronage—and hasten the emancipation which can alone secure the future of the Republican party. If the machine should be reinstated, the victory of its opponents would indeed be postponed, but it would not be lost.

Those who are easily bulldozed by the sneer of the machine that to oppose it is to be sentimentally self-righteous and to be defeated, should heed the fact that on every serious point at which it has aimed for two years it has been beaten, except in the case of Mr. CORNELL, and he succeeded solely because of the Democratic bolt. And now, after this long and significant series of local and national checks and defeats, the New York machine, which less than two years ago elected its chief to be Senator without a dissenting voice, finds itself confronted with an intelligent and courageous opposition, and in serious doubt whether it can make Mr. CONKLING sole Senator from New York. He must be a very faint-hearted Republican who is discouraged. Even if the machine should succeed, it will be only after a vigorous contest, and by a vote which will show how deep and strong is Republican hostility to the ball and chain. Opposition to the machine, as we remember to have remarked several times before, is not opposition to organization, but to a flagrant abuse of organization. It is no justification of the performances of the King of Ashantee that government is necessary. It is no argument for a "machine" that there must be organization. A vigorous effort will be made at the Senatorial election to "disestablish" the machine. If it fails, it will none the less show the extent and character of Republican opposition to mere machine rule.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE CENTRAL PARK.

THERE has been a universal and indignant protest against the seizure of any part of the Central Park for the purposes of the proposed Great Exhibition of 1883. One of the strongest expressions of dissent proceeds from Mr. SMITH E. LANE, one of the Park Commissioners, who calls the project absurd, and says that one of the chief duties of the Commissioners is to resist the constant pressure to subject the Park to private uses. "Every man with a project," writes Mr. LANE, "from a pea-nut stand to a zoological garden, from a mammoth tree to an exhibition, thinks he should have a place in the Central Park." All such projects are not only inconsistent with the purposes of a park, but they are destructive of them. The Park is a beautiful garden, sloped and planted at an average cost of $14,000 an acre. "To destroy hundreds of acres of this land for the Exhibition," exclaims Mr. Commissioner LANE, "is more than the Exhibition is worth." This seems to be the general conclusion. If the Park must be partially destroyed in order to have the Exhibition, the cost is too great, and the city will willingly lose the Exhibition.

On the other hand, Mr. SAMUEL A. HAINES, the chairman of the Committee on Sites, remarks that if "outsiders will only let us [the committee] alone, we will do our work properly, and it will all come out right." That is a gratifying assurance, but it lacks security. Mr. HAINES says that the whole Park is not wanted, and that there is no conspiracy to ruin the Park. These are all agreeable assurances, but nothing can be known of their value until a great deal more is known of details. The report of the Committee on Sites says that no Exhibition has ever been successful unless encouraged by government aid, and that the cost of private sites would be detrimental to the interests of the Exhibition. In other words, government aid in this case is to be given by a free grant of the Park; and the argument is, not that the Park is necessary for the Exhibition, but that it is the cheapest site. This, however, is not the whole. There are as yet no subscriptions to the stock of the undertaking. Now if a site could be obtained gratis, that fact would stimulate subscriptions. Mr. HAINES says that the opposition to the seizure of the Park for the Exhibition is sentimental. It seems to us that the attempt to seize it is strictly commercial, and for the benefit of the stockholders, not of the public.

There are sites suggested, especially that of Port Morris, which could be occupied without harming any interest whatever, and which upon the whole would be more suitable than Central Park. The only apparent disadvantage in such a selection would be the greater distance from the lower part of the city. But the advantages are so evident that the drawbacks disappear. The one fact that there could be no public sense of injury, and no general and urgent protest, would overbear many adverse considerations. Port Morris is the eastern point of land formed by the Harlem and East Rivers. It is within the city limits, and by the side of the Southern Boulevard. The great Sound steamers and the great railroads pass it, and foreign vessels could lie at its wharves. This is the kind of site that should be chosen, leaving the chief pleasure-ground of the city untouched, and adding to it a new attraction by the neighboring Exhibition. The committee have seen how immediate and general is the opposition to the Central Park scheme. It is for them to show that it is an unreasonable opposition.

THE PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

THE most significant political sign of the times is the rapidly increasing interest in reform of the civil service. There has long been Republican interest in the subject, but the reign of "bosses," as shown in the recent action of JOHN KELLY, and its results for the Democratic party, have aroused Democrats to reflect how machines can be effectually broken and "bosses" overthrown, and the Democratic press, the *World* leading, is strenuously demanding of Congress reform legislation. The motive of this demand has been questioned. But the remedy proposed is the sure corrective of the most dangerous abuses, and the articles of the *World* hit the nail squarely on the head, except in limiting reform to methods of removal. Its reasoning is perfectly sound for sensible men of either party. No boss can be overthrown and no machine broken until the present system of patronage is thoroughly reformed. And it is because the evils of bosses and machines are becoming so intolerable that the subject of reform commands such interested and inquisitive attention. It is at this fortunate moment that the Civil Service Reform Association in this city, but open to membership in every part of the country, has been reorganized, and will enter at once upon an active campaign of publication and diffusion of information. The new constitution just adopted expresses the objects of the Association and of the reform in the plainest and most comprehensive manner. It will be adopted, we hope, by similar associations which may be formed elsewhere, with which the Association here will most gladly correspond and co-operate. It will be observed that the Association does not vaguely demand honesty and fitness in office. Nobody, so far as we have observed, demands dishonesty and unfitness. Nor is it satisfied to make removal difficult. What is wanted is proper discipline, as well as fixity of tenure, and a proper permanence of tenure should be sought in a way which will not interfere with necessary flexibility and discipline. There should be no dismissal except for cause; but it would tend to destroy the essential conditions of an efficient service if every incumbent could appeal to a court of law to retain him in his place against the will of his responsible superior officer, provided that such officer were relieved of all temptation to abuse his power. No incumbent should be allowed to feel that he has any other hold upon his place than honesty, diligence, and efficiency in the discharge of its duties, and the knowledge that his superior officer is the judge of his conduct, without motive for unjust removal, would greatly promote the discipline and efficiency of the service.

But assuming that fitness should be the essential qualification for office, the constitution of the Association provides a method of ascertaining fitness which completely unhorses bosses and jobbers and trading politicians. No other practicable method that has been proposed will secure this result, and the entire practicability of this method has been proved at the New York Custom-house and Post-office. We are often told that the only real reform is to put honest and fit men in office. Did it ever occur to the author of this familiar remark that Mr. JOHN KELLY and every other boss would say precisely the same thing? Real reform lies in a method of obtaining honest and fit men without personal or partisan dictation. The important parts of the constitution of the Civil Service Reform Association are as follows, and we invite for them the careful consideration of every citizen who desires to do something effectual for the correction of an evil which menaces republican government itself. A complete copy of the constitution will be sent to any address upon application to R. L. DUGDALE, secretary, 4 Morton Street, New York.

"The object of the Association shall be to establish a system of appointment, promotion, and removal in the civil service founded upon the principle that public office is a public trust, admission to which should depend upon proved fitness. To that end the Association will demand that appointments to subordinate executive offices, with such exceptions, not inconsistent with the principle mentioned, as may be expedient, shall be made from persons whose fitness has been ascertained by competitive examinations open to all applicants properly qualified; and that removals shall be made for legitimate cause only, such as dishonesty, negligence, or inefficiency, but not for political opinion, or for refusal to render party service; and the Association will advocate all other ap-

propriate measures for securing intelligence, integrity, good order, and due discipline in the civil service.

"The Association will hold meetings, raise funds, publish and circulate appropriate information, correspond and co-operate with associations organized elsewhere for the purposes set forth in this constitution, and support all executive and legislative action which will promote its objects.

"The conditions of membership shall be wholly independent of party preference, nor shall questions be discussed in the debates or in the publications of the Association upon party grounds. Neither the name nor influence of the Association shall be used on behalf of any party, or for procuring office or promotion for any person. But nothing in this article shall be construed to prevent the Association from opposing any candidate when in its opinion, or in that of three-fourths of the members of the Executive Committee, such course is demanded by the objects of the Association."

To the question why a competitive examination should be required, the answer is that universal experience has proved any other to be inadequate. It has been shown that bosses and influence and jobbers will make any other examination a mere farce. In the worst days of the abuse of the civil service at the Custom-house in New York, for instance, there was always an examination, certain questions to be answered. But when the selection is to be made from the half dozen out of fifty who show themselves in an equal examination to be the most intelligent, then favoritism and personal influence are at an end. In the Custom-house in New York, exclusive of the Appraiser's department, there are 1013 positions subject to the civil service rules. Of these there are 729 open to competitors not already in the service. The remainder are competitions for promotion among members of the service. Since the spring of 1879, when the rules went into effect, there have been 860 applicants examined, of whom 134 have been appointed strictly according to the results of the examination, and to places under the rules no appointments have been made except upon such examination. The character of those appointed is illustrated by the fact that of 44 promotions in the Collector's office during the same period 37 were of those admitted to the service under the rules; and of 28 promotions in the Naval Office, 25 were of those admitted under the rules. That is, of 72 promotions by competition, 62 were obtained by men appointed under the new system. In the Collector's office and the Naval Office also, 12 of the men so appointed have been promoted twice, and 4 thrice. The new system not only obtains admirably qualified men, but it absolutely leaves out the trading politicians, and within its range it makes the Custom-house a business department conducted upon business principles. To extend the system, so far as practicable, to the whole non-political civil service, is the purpose of the reform. In the late general and exciting election in England not a man in the minor civil service was prohibited from taking part, or gained or lost his place in consequence of the total change of administration. There is no reason that the United States should be the only great country to hold on to the ridiculous and exploded mediæval tradition of patronage.

WHY YOUNG AMERICANS ARE REPUBLICANS.

A YOUNG man in Indiana writes that he personally knows thirteen families in his city of which the fathers have voted the Democratic ticket, from scavenger to President, since 1852, but the oldest son in each family, casting their first Presidential vote in 1880, gave it to GARFIELD. He believes that three-quarters of such ballots were thrown for the Republicans this year, and he naturally claims for this vote the credit of the result in Indiana, and proudly signs himself "one of 'em." His view is singularly confirmed by the striking article in the Chicago *Times*, which has been universally copied, and which might have been one of Mr. INGERSOLL'S speeches. This article asserts that "the youth of this republic is not Democratic," and proceeds in a forcible and picturesque strain to give the reasons.

The Democratic party is identified with slavery and slave-holding; the Republican party with emancipation and the union. "The curse of slavery has poisoned the blood and rotted the bone of the Democratic party." After a very eloquent description of the way in which the war and its events and separations and sorrows weaned the children that were born from the Democratic party, the article proceeds:

"The children go to school. There is not a Democrat on its benches. The first Reader contains a portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN: that kind and sturdy face never made a Democrat. On its simple pages, in words of one or two syllables, is told the story of his birth and death: that story never made a Democrat. In the pranks of the play-ground the name silences the frolicsome, and makes the jolliest grave: that name never made a Democrat. In the pictures that light up the geography are the firing on Fort Sumter and the death of ELLSWORTH: those pictures make no Democrats. The first page of the History contains a representation of the surrender of LEE at Appomattox: no boy gazes on that and ever after avows himself a Democrat. In the higher grades the same subtle and unresisted influence is at work. The text-books contain extracts from patriots' speeches during the war: those speeches make no Democrats. The great battles are briefly described: the narrative has no Democratic listeners. The strain of martial music runs through the Readers, and that music makes no Democrats. Sketches of the great generals are given: their brave deeds arouse the enthusiasm of the lads, but there is no Democrat among them. The horrors and sufferings of the slaves are told: the maddened blood that mounts the boys' cheeks is not Democratic blood. The curse of slavery has pursued the Democratic party, and has hounded it to its death. Therefore let it die, and no lip will be found to say a prayer over the grass on its grave."

This is both forcible and true. It is seen as plainly, and more plainly, across the ocean, for distance in space is like the lapse of time in giving an accurate point of view. The London *Spectator*, in commenting upon the result of our late election, says that the great majority of the people outside the old slave-holding region lived through the war, and are still unwilling to trust power to the Democrats again. It thinks that it is to defend "State rights" that the solid South supports the Democratic party, and to defend the national right that the solid North adheres to the Republicans. They are the theories of two civilizations. Finally it sums up the situation, and in a manner curiously accordant with the view of the Chicago *Times*, which is indisputably the view which history will approve. The root of the feeling which has controlled the decision by the election of General GARFIELD the *Spectator* believes to be the conviction of intelligent and patriotic Americans that the Republican party, with many faults, stands for "human freedom, equality before the law, and open careers for all, independent of color, creed, or caste." That this is the historical significance of the party can be no more denied than that the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution stood for American independence. Until the Democratic party ceases to be, as the late election shows it to be now, a political organization whose force and control lie in the hands of those who tried to destroy the Union to save slavery, and who now destroy liberty to seize control of the Union, it can return to power only by successful bulldozing or forgery. Some Democrats ask for an end of sectionalism and a return to decent and normal politics. Does anything prevent but the Democratic party?

THEN AND NOW.

IN the fourth and concluding volume of GREEN'S *History of the English People* there is a passage which, *mutatis mutandis*, may be well applied to our own political situation:

"So long as the country was justly and temperately governed, the merchant and shop-keeper were content to leave government in the hands that held it. All they asked was to be let alone to enjoy their new freedom and develop their new industries. And WALPOLE let them alone. On the other hand, the forces which opposed the Revolution lost year by year somewhat of their energy. The fervor which breeds revolt died down among the Jacobites as their swords rusted idly in their scabbards. The Tories sulked in their country houses, but their wrath against the house of Hanover ebbed away for want of opportunities of exerting itself. And meanwhile, on opponents as on friends, the freedom which the Revolution had brought with it was doing its work."

The secret of WALPOLE was patience, with just and temperate government. This has been the spirit of the present Republican administration, and the country is content to leave government in the hands that hold it.

TOCQUEVILLE *V.* DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THE letter of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS to the Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE has attracted general attention, and it can not fail to correct a heedless practice. Mr. PHILLIPS states his case as follows: "ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, or Monsieur DE TOCQUEVILLE, is the name of the great writer and statesman. But the rules of the French language require that when we omit the 'ALEXIS' or the 'Monsieur,' and give only the family name, it should be simply TOCQUEVILLE. There are, in French, a few exceptions to this rule. For instance, names of one syllable, like DE THOU, retain the 'de'; and names beginning with a vowel. TOCQUEVILLE is not one of these exceptions. But all American editors insist on the 'de.' I do not know an American publication, a journal, daily, weekly, or monthly, that does not revel in this awkwardness; though once, years ago, I did chance to see one of your weekly journals which astonished me by its correctness in this particular. But the next time I saw a number it had lapsed into the besetting sin. If, in speaking, you adhere to the rule, and say 'TOCQUEVILLE,' you are sure, the next morning, to find that in the report of your speech the careful and judicious editor has inserted the inevitable 'de,' and made you, in spite of yourself, a French ignoramus."

The English practice is generally little better than ours, although Mr. PHILLIPS cites SENIOR, M. DE BEAUMONT, and CORNEWALL LEWIS as speaking of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE properly as TOCQUEVILLE. Yet on the back of the LONGMAN edition of HENRY REEVE'S translation of the *Democracy in America*, the offense is as flagrant as that of Professor BOWEN'S American edition, to which Mr. PHILLIPS refers. On the other hand, MURRAY'S London edition of *France Before the Revolution*, 1856, also translated by REEVE, gives the correct form upon the back, TOCQUEVILLE. The *de*, like the German *von*, is originally a phrase of honor, referring to a place or estate, and in many familiar instances it is properly dropped. We always say, for instance, NOAILLES and BROGLIE, without the prefix; and from the German, GOETHE and HUMBOLDT, without the *von*. Attention sharply called to the subject will secure prompt attention, and Mr. PHILLIPS'S letter will not have been written in vain.

The Boston *Advertiser* improves the text furnished by the letter to censure the habit of calling the President of the United States *Excellency*. That is not his title. He is simply the President, and should be so addressed. The Governor of Massachusetts is, we believe, His Excellency by the Constitution of the State. The *Advertiser* suggests, also, that the prefix *Honorable* is too lavishly used, and that no man out of the service, except upon meritorious retirement, should be Captain or Major or General. When a Governor or any other magistrate retires from office, also, it is perplexing to continue to give him a title that he has relinquished. If Mr. FISH, for instance, may not be conveniently addressed as Mr. Secretary, still less should he be saluted as Governor. Mr. PHILLIPS'S letter will stimulate a wholesome discussion.

YALE FUN, AND ITS FRUIT.

THE recent fun of the Yale Association turns out to be funnier than was anticipated. The Yale boys in New York have an annual Thanksgiving saturnalia, at which high spirits overflow in all kinds of merriment, and among the rest there is a "sermon" made up of gibes and puns and hits and good-natured sarcasms and rollicking humor, some of which is local and enjoyable, especially by Yale, but the rest of which is open to the laughter of mankind. This year's preacher, who seems to have been a seraphic doctor of the kind of didactic theology required, deplored the ill fortune which had deprived the association of the services either of SARAH BERNHARDT or of ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent now in the country, and the laugh was produced at the proper point.

But the next morning a letter with the name of Mr. FORBES appeared in the *Herald*, gravely disclaiming all knowledge of such an invitation, and reproving the unauthorized use of his name. Thereupon the *Herald* remarked that Mr. FORBES was a Scotchman, and that SYDNEY SMITH had suggested that a surgical operation is necessary to introduce a joke into the brain of a Scotchman. The following morning, however, another letter appeared in the *Herald*, also signed by Mr. FORBES, saying that when he read the article, and saw the letter purporting to be his, he was inclined to resign himself to the humor of the situation, and say nothing. But he decided—and certainly wisely—to state that the letter was "bogus." Mr. FORBES adds: "I suppose I ought to feel sore at having been made the laughing-stock of the city for a day, but for the life of me I can not. Bogus letters seem among the products of your civilization."

That the drollery of the Yale boys should lead up to this tap upon the Connecticut Senator BARNUM is exceedingly droll, and that it should turn out that the joke is upon Mr. FORBES'S swift critic, and not upon himself, is also very comical. 'Tis a mad world, my masters, when even Yale sermons are not only jests themselves, but the causes of jesting in others, and of a general smile at a ludicrous situation.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL FORNEY, in the last number of *Progress*, has this paragraph: "I have just heard a good piece of news about my dear friend JAY COOKE, the philosopher, who, while a marvellous leader as a banker, had to yield temporarily to misfortune, and to postpone the payment of his obligations. He is now on his financial feet again, and will soon be able to pay all his debts. Considering that he went down in the crash of 1873, this is quick and honorable redemption."

—One of the best abused of Englishmen is Sir BARTLE FRERE, late Governor of South Africa, yet it is his great comfort to be a personal favorite of the Queen; and notwithstanding the persistent opposition of the Prime Minister, this has chiefly conduced to his appointment as a member of the Indian Council in London, with the consolatory salary of $30,000 a year.

—Of the Presidents of the United States, eight—WASHINGTON, JACKSON, VAN BUREN, HARRISON, TAYLOR, FILLMORE, LINCOLN, and JOHNSON—never received a college education. GRANT was educated at West Point. The rest of the Presidents have been college graduates. The two ADAMSES graduated at Harvard, JEFFERSON, MONROE, and TYLER at William and Mary, MADISON at Princeton, POLK at the University of North Carolina, PIERCE at Bowdoin, BUCHANAN at Dickinson, HAYES at Kenyon, and GARFIELD at Williams.

—One of General GARFIELD'S closest friends is Major SWAIM, who is spoken of as likely to be his private secretary. He is a compactly built man, about fifty, square-shouldered and deep-chested. At first he appears a trifle brusque, but this disappears on acquaintance, and he becomes very companionable. He is an Ohio man, has seen much of the world, and is a very good judge of men. General G. is said to rely greatly upon his judgment.

—Lord MONTEAGLE, a young British peer, recently delivered a lecture, at the close of which he said that, so far as his own feelings went, he should be glad if the House of Lords were abolished to-morrow. The Upper House, he said, had no power except that of vetoing the measures passed by the Lower Chamber, and was being continually reminded that it was dangerous to exercise that power. He felt that there was neither great honor nor great dignity in belonging to a House which was thus constituted, and for his own part he should prefer to have the privilege of being returned as one of the people's representatives to the House of Commons. The first Lord MONTEAGLE, Mr. SPRING RICE, was a clever Limerick squire, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, and further enjoyed for many years a valuable sinecure office. He was credited with the dictum that "you should so humbug a humbug that he thinks he is humbugging a humbug," and is said to have perfectly succeeded in practicing what he preached.

—General GRANT has rented for the winter the residence of ex-Senator CHAFFEE, on Fifty-second Street, in this city, and will hereafter make his home there. Mr. and Mrs. U. S. GRANT, Jun., will also reside there.

—"Why are we brokers?" may be answered by the fact that the business is so remunerative that last week Mr. METCALF, a partner of Mr. IVES, the president of the Stock Exchange, bought the seat of Mr. GEORGE CHAPIN for $20,500, and paid $1000 admission fee to the Exchange in addition. The value of seats has of late appreciated more rapidly even than the prices of stocks, for it is only a year or so since Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT paid but $10,000 for a seat, which he presented to his friend Mr. LAWRENCE R. JEROME. At the rate paid by Mr. METCALF, the 1100 seats of the Exchange are worth about $22,000,000. One of its advantages is that at the death of a member his family or estate is entitled to $10,000.

—General MILLER, who is spoken of as likely to be the new Republican Senator from California, was a Union soldier during the late civil war, and lost an eye in battle. He is one of the lessees of the Alaska seal fisheries, and does things on a very large "scale."

—It is understood that a vigorous effort is now making by prominent business men in this city to secure the selection of Postmaster JAMES as the next Postmaster-General. Such a selection would of course be one of the best that could be made for the country, but a most unfortunate one for New York, which would be deprived of the most efficient official that has ever had direction of its postal affairs.

—The house of ROTHSCHILD has recently been reorganized with a capital of $10,000,000. The financial head of the house, and director in its larger operations, is Baron ALPHONSE ROTHSCHILD, who is also head of the house in Paris. He is a man of indefatigable industry, simple in habits, and proverbial as a pedestrian, one of his chief pleasures being a walk through the streets of Paris both before and after dinner. Baron ALPHONSE and GUSTAVE and E. ROTHSCHILD each furnish a third of the capital. The registration of the deed of partnership cost $12,400.

—Mr. DAVID S. TERRY, who was defeated on the Democratic electoral ticket of California while his five associates were chosen, is the man who, twenty-one years ago, killed DAVID C. BRODERICK in a duel for words spoken in debate. TERRY was at the time a judge of one of the California courts, and has never overcome the odium of that bloody transaction.

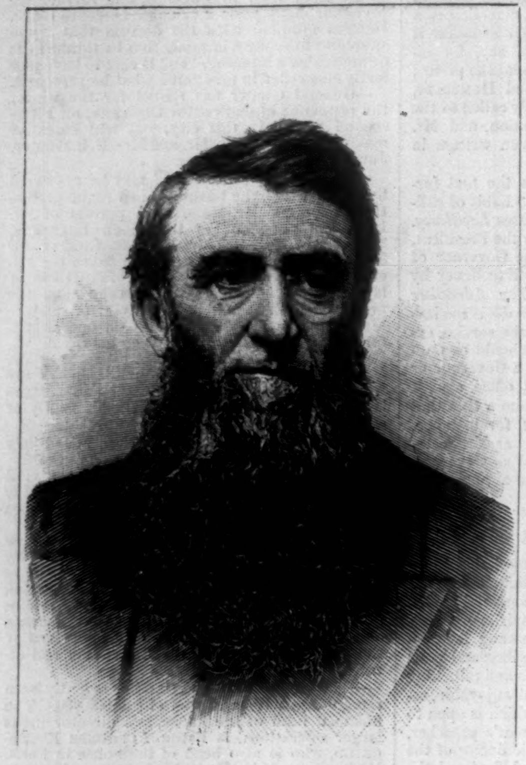
—Dr. LEGGE, who knows about China, says that at the present rate of conversion there will be, in 1913, 26,000,000 Church members and 100,000,000 professing Christians in the Chinese Empire.

—HENRY WATTERSON concludes a spicy editorial on "BROWN, of Georgia," the new United States Senator from that State, by saying: "He is a picked man, of undoubted ability and of the current sort, well backed and rich, not afraid to call his soul his own, not fastidious in his appliances, ambitious, and yet young enough to have a good deal of human nature about him. He professes to be a Democrat, but not of the BOURBON class; and if he sticks to that, he will find there is use for him."

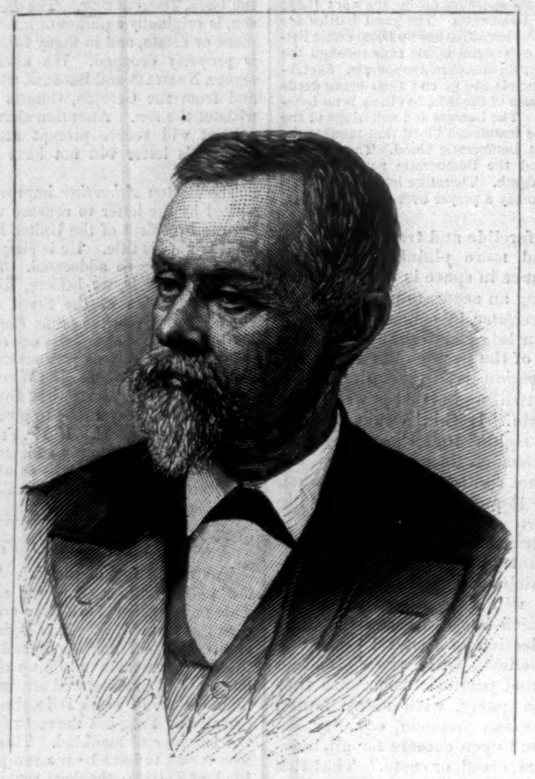
—Mr. PUGH, the new United States Senator-elect from Alabama, is sixty-one years of age, and is known in the South as a man of exceptional ability. He was left an orphan when eleven years old, and while still a youth he carried a frontier mail two days in the week to earn money to pay his school expenses the rest of the time.

—Mr. PHILIP PARSONS has made glad the faculty of Olivet College, in Michigan, by making them a gift of $50,000.

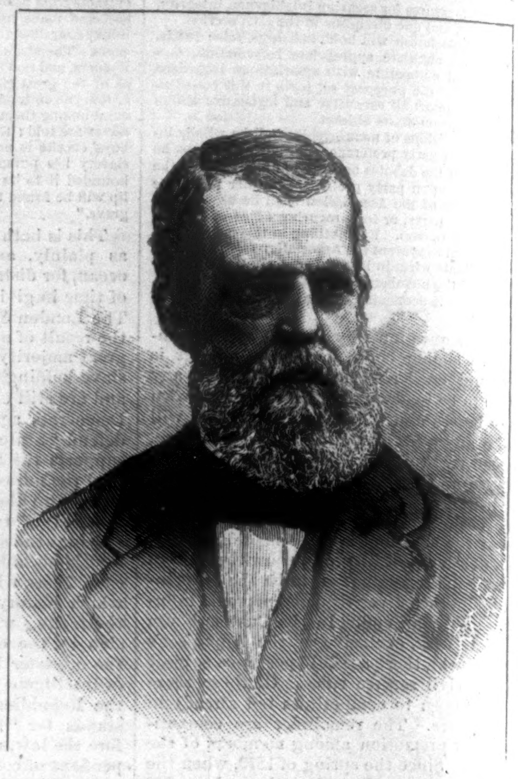
—Of course everybody is curious about the home life of the President-elect. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which is not a Republican paper, says that "he generally rises from seven to half past, and breakfasts *en famille* at about eight. After breakfast the morning mails are opened, the newspapers are hastily scanned for telegraphic news, and important matters receive attention, the General retiring with his secretary and short-hand amanuensis to his private office, or 'snuggery,' for the purpose. After that, if the morning trains from the East or Cleveland bring visitors, the General receives and entertains them. Dinner is the same as breakfast with regard to instruction and amusement, it making no difference whether the visitors who partake of it are high or low, Senators or soldiers, grand or simple. 'The afternoon,' says his friend Major SWAIM, 'usually brings more visitors and mails. After supper the General devotes considerable time to the thorough perusal of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other leading papers. There are always telegrams and letters by the dozen to answer. General GARFIELD has two short-hand men as secretaries, and he dictates his replies to letters and telegrams to them. This enables him to do a great deal of corresponding work in a short time. Of course very important and particularly private letters are written by myself or the General in person. Every one is free to go to church or to stay at home, to pray or to let it alone, as he pleases. There is but one autocrat in this house, and that is the General's mother, and she has too much good sense to interfere in such matters. There is one thing I forgot to mention, and that is that at meals or the family reunions we sometimes get the General deeply interested in some theme, and get him to talking about it. You know he is a brilliant conversationalist, and these talks often almost take the shape of lectures. They are very interesting and wonderfully instructive, for the General's mind is a vast store-house of knowledge. He has a wonderful pigeon-hole memory. He can devour a book in an hour or so, retain the cream of its contents, and tell you all about it in the most entertaining manner years afterward. He is very fond of ruling by moral suasion, and he governs his family accordingly. His children are very fond of him, and look upon him as their bosom-friend as well as parent. His boys will come to him when home, and talk and counsel with him about their books and studies, or their plays or other occupations, just as freely as they do with each other. The result is that they are all manly and frank in their demeanor, partaking much of his character in this respect.'"



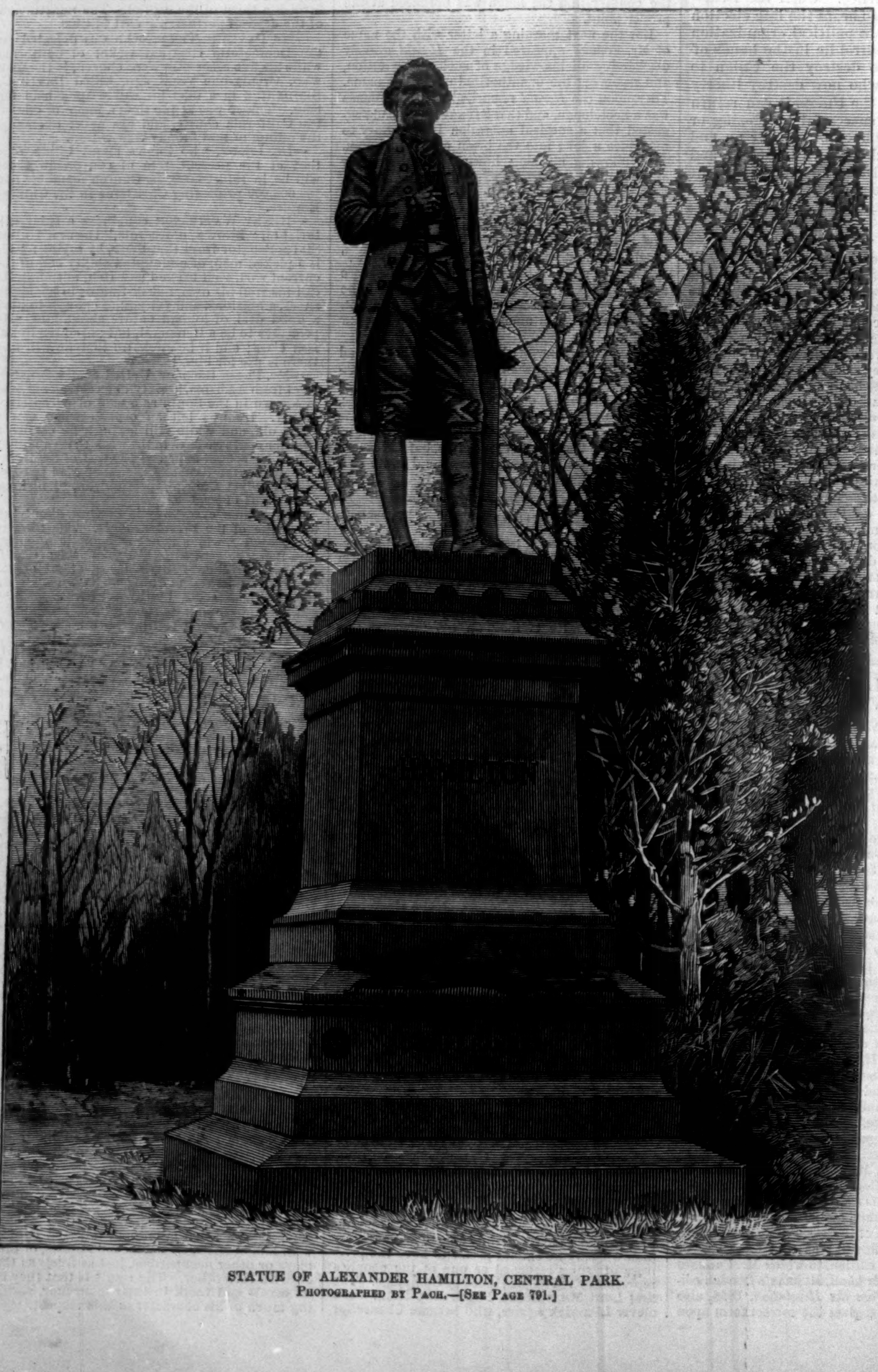
THE HON. D. H. JEROME, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARMSTRONG.—[SEE PAGE 791.]



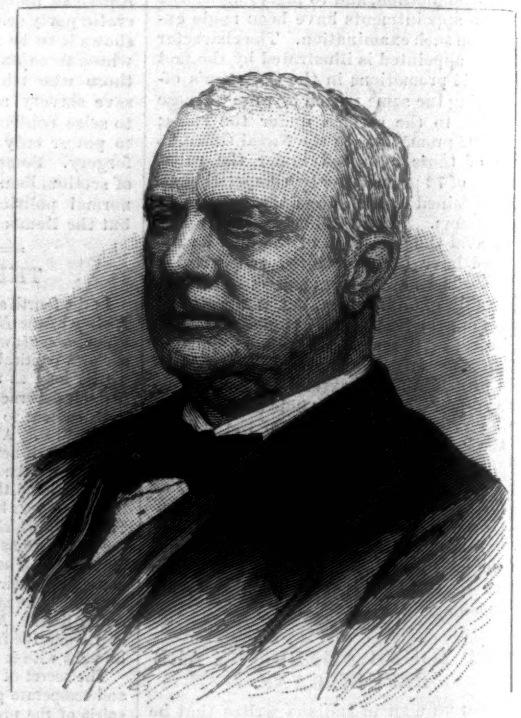
THE HON. J. HAGOOD, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. A. BECKLING.—[SEE PAGE 791.]



THE HON. CHARLES H. BELL, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. C. KIMBALL.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

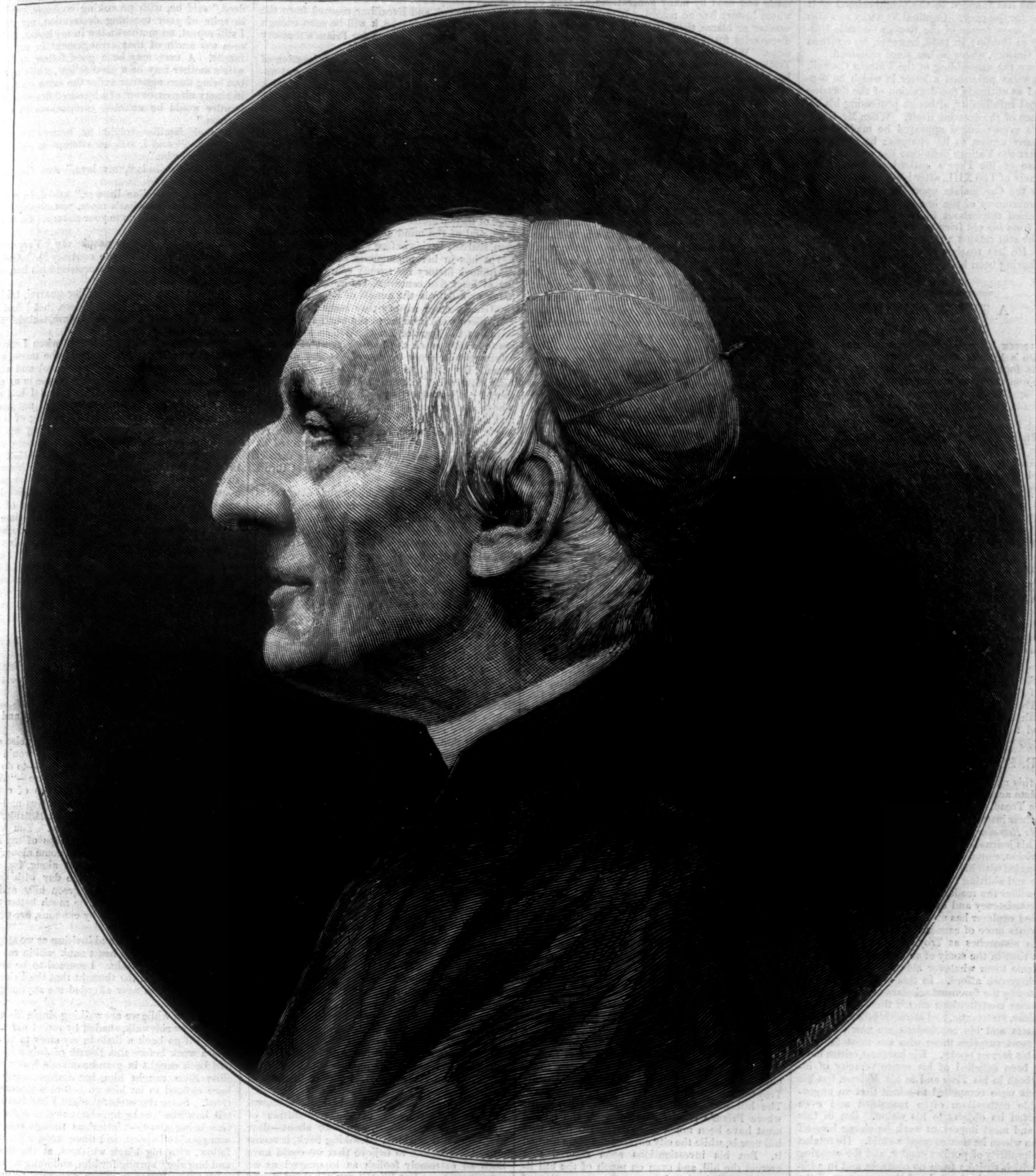


STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, CENTRAL PARK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 791.]



THE HON. G. C. LUDLOW, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARK.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

THE HON. JAMES D. WILLIAMS, LATE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. POTTER.—[SEE PAGE 791.]



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Cardinal Newman enjoys the rare advantage of having himself given to the world the most important part of his personal history—the history of the formation of his religious opinions. And he has done this with such candor and sweetness of temper that the *Apology for his Life* is pleasant reading either for Protestant or Catholic. The passage from the most pronounced Evangelicalism—from the influence of Thomas Scott the Commentator, and of Joseph Milner the church historian, on to the cold liberalism of Whately, and thence to the decided churchliness of Keble, and thence to the formalism of the Tractarian company, and thence to the Roman Catholic Church—is so traced that the transition from one set of opinions to another is clearly visible to the reader's eye. It is very clear from this history that Cardinal Newman's mind is intensely conservative, and that the prevailing tendencies of modern life are repugnant to his feelings. He was vexed and distressed, for instance, by the French revolution of 1830. "I believed," he says of it himself, "that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and, much more, sovereigns who had the divine right of inheritance." One who could persuade himself of the divine right of the Bourbons to rule France would not have great difficulty in accepting the divine right of the papacy. The condition of the Church of England, in which the Evangelicals were then dominant, distressed him as much as the liberal tendencies of French and English politics; there is need, he said to himself, of a second Reformation.

With his mind in this disturbed state, and without a clear perception of the plans to be pursued for the expression of his convictions, Mr. Newman set out in 1832 upon a tour through Southern Europe. While on the Mediterranean, on his way home, he wrote the poem, which has been adopted by all the Churches, "Lead, kindly Light." He had been ill in Italy; had been detained several weeks at Palermo; was eager to reach England, where he now believed he had a work to do; but was compelled to repress his impatience, and to accept delay. The form of the hymn is suggested by these facts of personal history:

"Lead, kindly Light; amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet. I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Upon the arrival home, Newman found Keble, Hurrell, Froude, Palmer, Percival, and Rose already united for the propagation of the opinions cherished by them in common; to these friends he joined himself. The famous "Tracts for the Times" then began to appear; their boldness, their vigor, their intensity, roused and startled England. "My battle," says Newman, of this period of his life, "was with liberalism; by liberalism I meant the antidogmatic principle and its developments. From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I can not entertain the idea of any other sort of religion. Religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery." But the religion of mere dogma had been attacked by Wesley in the eighteenth century, and his success had given rise to the Evangelicalism that had overspread the English Church. Newman's contest was, therefore, with the Evangelical party in the Church, and their coadjutors, the reform party, in the state.

He tried, however, to draw a broad line of demarkation between his position and that of the Church of Rome. Many protested that he and his friends were going Romeward; he admitted as much, but declared that an impassable chasm separated Anglicanism and Romanism. In 1837 he published his essay on "Justification," in which he combated the Lutheran doctrine that justification is by faith alone. In 1838 appeared his essay on the "Real Presence"; he tried to place this doctrine on a satisfactory intellectual basis by denying the existence of space except as a subjective idea. From this point the progress of Mr. Newman toward the Roman Catholic Church was very rapid. In 1841 appeared the famous tract No. 90. In this Newman undertook to show that the Articles of the Church of England do not more than partially oppose Roman Catholic dogma. He maintained that they could be interpreted in such a sense as to reconcile them with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. The tract, as its author himself confesses, aroused a storm of indignation; it was a storm for which he was not prepared, and which he was not disposed to resist. He was quick to perceive that it was useless for him to pursue any farther the line of discussion on which he had entered. Confidence in him was at an end. Many denounced him as a traitor who, under the guise of friendship, was trying to destroy the Establishment. No doubt harsh things were said, and no doubt, too, they were honestly said. He was asked to withdraw from the Church, but declined to do so.

Early in 1843 Mr. Newman made a formal retraction of all he had said against the Church of Rome, and in the autumn of that year he resigned his church living at Littlemore. At this time he was at work upon his essay on "Doctrinal Development." Before he had completed it he resolved to enter the Roman Catholic Church. He made his profession of faith in 1845, and soon after went to Rome, where he took orders. In 1848 he returned to England, and established the houses of the Oratory and St. Philip Neri at Brompton and Birmingham. In the Oratory he has devoted himself to the education of young

men, and has founded in the neighborhood of it schools for the poor. Cardinal NEWMAN was also for five years rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin; in 1859, however, he returned to the Oratory, where he has since remained.

Before the assembling of the Vatican Council, Dr. NEWMAN published a letter in which he deprecated as untimely the definition of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, although professing his acceptance of the doctrine itself. When Mr. GLADSTONE's expostulation appeared he made one of the many replies to its charges; he affirms in this that the Vatican definition has made no real increase of the Pope's authority. One of the early acts of LEO XIII., after his accession, was to confer the Cardinalate upon Dr. NEWMAN. The appropriateness of the honor was very generally recognized throughout England. Though separated from his old friends of the Church of England, he still retains a strong hold on their affection. He has reached the ripe age of seventy-nine, having been born February 21, 1801.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

A THANKSGIVING.

By MARY A. BARR.

A LITTLE brown bird and a sunbeam
On a leafless thorn at day;
This foot, that foot, under his wing,
From dawn to evening gray
It lilted its happy, grateful song—
Tirra-lā! tirra-lā! tirra-lā!

And I thought in the one slant sunbeam
That an angel waiting staid.
The church bells broke into merry peals,
And the little children played;
And prayer and choral and grateful lay
Filled all the air on Thanksgiving-day.

"O Ancient Giver of untold years,"
Cried many a happy voice,
"For the corn and wine, for love and life,
Thou hast made us to rejoice!"
And the organ peal, and song, and prayer,
Thrilled with their music the clear cool air.

Still in the sunbeam the angel staid,
Though the streets grew empty and still.
Festival lights were in loving homes,
Feasting, and peace, and good-will.
Why did the angel linger, I pray?
Was it to hear the little ones play?

The little brown bird on the leafless thorn
Sat still in the beam to sing,
Till the amber west had turned to gray;
Then he tucked his head under his wing,
With a soft, low, lingering "Tir-ra—lā!"
And the beautiful angel went away.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S "ILIOS."*

IN this magnificent volume we have at last the complete account of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in the Troad, and of his mature and final views as to their interpretation. The earlier work, *Troy and its Remains*, published in 1874, and made up from his journal of the excavations, without proper revision, contained many of the same facts, but so mingled with his changing impressions, and the crude and shifting theories suggested by them, as to bewilder the reader, and to provoke the charge of inconsistency and extravagance. But the unwearied explorer has meanwhile not only devoted two years more of earnest labor to the extension of his researches at Troy, but has spent much more time in the study of the results, bringing to illustrate them whatever aids the science of archæology can afford. In this task he has been assisted by the foremost scholars of Europe, many of whose contributions enrich these pages; and the clear, systematic, and attractive form in which his facts and his conclusions are now set forth will most surprise those who are most familiar with his former books. His harshest critics have long been satisfied of his entire veracity of intent, both in his *Troy* and in his *Mycenæ*, but his friends were compelled to admit that an ungovernable enthusiasm often magnified and even distorted its objects to his vision. But in this last and most important work he shows himself a man where he then seemed a child. He retains the simplicity of perfect candor, and the amazing zeal which shrinks from no obstacle, and in addition has acquired much of the accuracy of the scientific observer, and even something of the critical spirit of the scholar.

The leading facts of Dr. Schliemann's life are widely known, but it was well to tell them again in the autobiography prefixed to *Ilios*, for the passion his childhood conceived for the Homeric stories and his invincible faith in their truth have been the inspiration of his whole life of labor. Entering the world in utter poverty, and with this one idea, he toiled for more than thirty years to fill his purse with money and his mind with lore, in the hope and belief that one day he might so use both forms of wealth as to convince all men of Homer's truthfulness. At nearly fifty years of age, now master of great wealth and of many languages, and familiar with every line of Homer, he stood on what he regarded as the traditional site of Troy, with authority to excavate, and so to determine, as it seemed to him, the central question of the history of civilization. Month after month he continued to dig, with hundreds of laborers, bringing to light in rapid succession vestiges of forgotten cities, works of art, and vessels and implements of household life which had been made and used by many generations of men of whom history has no record. It is no matter of wonder or blame, then, if each of these brilliant discoveries fitted itself at once to his preconceptions. When the spirits of Hector and Paris, of Troilus and Æneas, seemed to move about him at his task, and every blast from the Hellespont seemed to bear to his ears the mighty shout of Ajax or the clash of the armor of Achilles, when in his dreams he heard the angry voices of the warrior deities, scarcely held in check by the thunders of Zeus threatening from above, how could he fail to see in the wonderful objects discovered there the relics of the Homeric heroes? While in this mood he found the walls of a house which had been buried for ages. Beside it was a portal; at the foot of a wall a vast mass of vessels and ornaments of gold. To such a mind the identification was immediate and complete. Behold the palace of Priam! the Scæan gate where Helen stood amid the princes! the treasures of the royal house! And that coronet, may it not have circled the brow of the daughter of Zeus?

It was in the rapture of these convictions that Dr. Schliemann's first announcement of his discoveries was made, with full confidence that the doubts of twenty centuries would be crushed at once, and that the world would accept his favorite poet as its earliest and best historian. But the critical mind of modern scholarship, as precise as a machine, and as ready to sympathize with poetic fervor, not only refused to accept his imaginations in place of scientific proof, but met him with indifference or ridicule. It is to his honor that this treatment did not discourage or imbitter him, but that with undiminished zeal he still pursued his inquiries, eager, indeed, to collect every possible confirmation of his favorite theories, but trustful of truth, and ready to modify any prepossession when convinced that the facts require it. Hence it is that in the present work, while Dr. Schliemann's identification of the hill of Hissarlik with Homeric Troy gives it its title and form, and inspires every page with romance, yet the simplicity and accuracy of his descriptions are unaffected by it, and they may be read and studied by the most skeptical reader with the assurance that he has all the elements of the problem fairly before him. But the mind which derives the highest enjoyment from the book will be that which casts aside the skeptic, at least for the first reading, and enters heartily, in the spirit of the author, upon the search for Homeric truth in the buried city. His discovery of Troy then becomes the culmination of a life which, as here recorded, is a more entertaining and inspiring romance than novelist has ever penned. Even Dr. Virchow, whose name is great in science, contributes to this volume a charming essay, in which he delights to surrender his imagination, for the time, to a belief so beautiful; and Mr. Gladstone, whose accomplished mind has long studied with equal zeal the Homeric poems and British statesmanship, has written a book on *The Time and Place of Homer*, vigorously defending Dr. Schliemann's historic theory.

If, however, we break away from the influence of our author's enthusiasm, and survey his work in the cold light of historical criticism, we shall find its importance rather in the opening of new questions than in the settlement of old ones. So it is always in the progress of knowledge—every new discovery suggests more problems than it solves. The larger the world of light becomes, the larger is the frontier of darkness to be explored. The controversy which will now rage over Dr. Schliemann's Trojan theory of his excavations is for a short time only, and then every intelligent student will see, as the author himself seems, on some pages of this work, almost to see, that that theory is without positive support, and must be abandoned. For this conviction his own testimony, impartially examined, is conclusive. In October, 1871, he wrote out his argument for selecting Hissarlik as the site of Troy, rather than the "village of Ilians," and the cardinal fact in it was that the latter had scarcely room for a population of more than ten thousand souls, while Troy must have contained at least fifty thousand. The hill of Hissarlik, he insisted, must mark where Priam's citadel stood, though the citadel must have been much more extensive than that hill now is, while the city covered the plain around it. But his investigations soon showed that around the hill, and even on much of the hill itself, the débris certainly contains no vestige of any human settlement earlier than the historic "New Ilium," and having at last traced the ruined wall which surrounds his city of Troy throughout its circuit, he is compelled to say that the whole city occupied but a fraction of the space which he had regarded as absurdly small for the citadel alone. In fact, as his careful engineer's plan shows, we are asked to believe that the city of Troy, defended for ten years against the forces of united Greece, under confederate kings, by an army of fifty thousand men, occupied an area three hundred and seventy feet long by three hundred in average width.

In the legendary mind of Greece and of Dr. Schliemann the siege of Troy was an enterprise worthy of half a world in arms, one to bring glory to heroes who fought with gods, one to unite for the first time in a national effort and life the scattered tribes of Greece and her islands, and to give them that national consciousness which was to make them the first power in human culture forever. When the siege of Troy ceases to be this, and becomes the sacking by a predatory horde of a village of some forty huts, it ceases to be an epoch in history, and loses all human interest. The question whether the Homeric legend has such a foundation as this, or whether it has no foundation at all, is not worth discussion. Troy, Helen, Achilles, Agamemnon, are to us the creations of the bards; and while the existence of the poems is one of the most momentous facts of history, the story they relate has no link which connects it with the annals of mankind. When Aladdin's lamp shall have been found in the rubbish of Bagdad, and Excalibur rescued from the depths of the Welsh lake, it will be soon enough to think of a serious search for Priam's treasury or Helen's ornaments.

But if we set aside the poetical explanation of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, we can not rest until a better is found. The reader of this book has before him, in its vivid and beautiful engravings, and its clear and exact maps and plans, full evidence of the life, thought, art, and culture of a race of people intimately connected with the early Greeks, yet living in Asia at a period long prior to the earliest Greek annals. Now the sources and early history of Greek culture have always been a mystery. Our recorded knowledge of great public events among the Greeks begins with the eighth century before Christ; our knowledge of their popular life, their art, literature, and laws, and of the mind and character of leading men, scarcely begins before the fifth century. But Egypt has in her monuments something like a continuous history for twenty centuries, Assyria for at least five centuries, before we can fix a name or a date in the annals of Greece. When the Greeks enter history they come full armed, as if there were brought to the birth at once the head and the heart of Zeus. Within a few generations they reach the highest point of human attainment in every branch of art and of literature. By what stages did the race reach its high standard of culture? Who were their fathers? What were they doing through the ages whose sleepy records mark the stones of Egypt and Assyria? This is the form which "the Homeric question" must now assume, and the remains found at Hissarlik, closely connected as they are easily seen to be with similar discoveries in Cyprus and at Mycenæ, may yet throw much light upon it.

Thus the value of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in the Troad, and of his account of them, will not be diminished by any criticism upon his theories. His faith in Homer lends a peculiar and poetic charm to his narrative which we may heartily enjoy, while we reject his credulous adherence to ancient fable, and still find in the facts he discloses far wider and more important relations than those he assumes to explain. His supposition that the remains he has unearthed may be classed in seven layers, each of which represents a distinct epoch, so that seven successive cities have flourished on this site at intervals of ages, is one which can not be literally accepted without clearer evidence than he has given. But the prehistoric character and remote antiquity of many of them can no more be questioned than their extreme interest and importance; and meanwhile this hypothesis has served him well as a preliminary classification of the objects, without affecting the clearness and accuracy with which they are described and pictured. Perhaps, in the end, the most significant and instructive of them all will prove to be those which bear short inscriptions in a syllabary like that of Cyprus, which there is now reason to believe was an effort to give written expression to the Greek language before the Phœnician alphabet was imported and adapted to it. These inscriptions have not yet been satisfactorily deciphered, but the essay of Professor Sayce, in the appendix to *Ilios*, encourages the belief that they will soon yield up their secret.

* *Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans.* The Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the Years 1871, '72, '73, '78, '79. Including an Autobiography of the Author. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes by Professors RUDOLF VIRCHOW, MAX MÜLLER, A. H. SAYCE, J. P. MAHAFFY, H. BRUGSCH-BEY, P. ASCHERSON, M. A. POSTOLACCAS, M. E. BURNOUF, MR. F. CALVERT, and MR. A. J. DUFFIELD. With Maps, Plans, and about 1800 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. Cloth, $12.

A GREAT, TALL FELLOW.

I HAD known my sister-in-law Adeline Eliza in a desultory way ever since my fourteenth birthday—June 15, 1872—when I was brought home from boarding-school to be present at her marriage to my eldest brother; but never until that dreadful Fourth of July, 1877, had I had the slightest idea of her extraordinary capability and endurance as a story-teller. Nor do I suppose I should ever have known of them—our ways in life lying far apart—had not Adeline Eliza's annual visit to New York happened at the very time I had my first serious quarrel with Gabriel Haviland.

That occurred the evening before the abovementioned anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and was about—dear me!—the silliest thing. Looking back, it seems almost impossible to believe that we could have been so extremely foolish as to quarrel as we actually did— But I'll tell you all about it, and you can judge for yourself. Gabriel had been reading aloud from some English paper or other—the *Saturday Review*, if I remember aright—an article entitled "Mothers-in-Law," and as he laid down the paper he said, "I fully agree with the writer that the jokes—many of them very stupid ones—at the expense of mothers-in-law have been carried quite far enough, and I also agree with her—"

"Or him," I suggested.

"—or him, that there are lots of splendid women among them, but at the same time I must confess that *I'd* prefer a home without a mother-in-law."

Now I had been an orphan ever since I was five years of age, and what possessed me to feel so angry at Gabriel's remark I can not imagine; but angry I was, and with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes I raised my head from his shoulder—of course we were engaged—and asked, indignantly, "Do you mean to say you would not have liked *my* mother?"

"Nothing of the sort," said he, with a smile. "I *know* I should have liked her. She must have been charming, to have had so charming a daughter."

But I refused to return his smile, and, with head very erect, went on, "But you would not have shared your home with her?"

"No, darling, frankly, I would not."

"Then *I* never would have lived with you if you refused to allow my mother to be one of the household," cried I.

"Ah, your affection for me must be deep indeed," said he, with provoking coolness. "But in spite of your touching declaration, my dear, I still repeat, no mother-in-law in *my* house. I've seen too much of that arrangement in my own family. A man may be a good fellow, and his wife's mother may be a good fellow, while apart, but bring them together under the same roof, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred fire and gunpowder would be amiable companions in comparison."

"Other families might be better-tempered than yours," said I, with an attempt at sarcasm. "*Mine* might be."

"No mother-in-law, my love," was Gabriel's sole reply.

"Then no Caroline Brower," said I, in a perfect rage. "And what's more, you needn't wait any longer. I won't go to your sister's. So there, now!"

"Very well" (why do people say "Very well" when they mean quite the contrary?). And at last, really provoked, my lover seized his hat, and was gone in a flash.

Did you ever hear of a sillier quarrel, taking into consideration, as I said before, that I had no mother, and, as I didn't say before, Gabriel was also motherless?

The bells were ringing merrily when I awoke the next morning (I had shut out the moon, and cried myself to sleep the night before), and when I drew up my shade the sunshine came in as gloriously bright as though Gabriel and I had not quarrelled. But its brightness could not make me forget that we had. I was thinking of it all the time I was dressing, and wondering what I was to do with myself all the long, hot, noisy day.

It had been arranged a month before that Gabriel and I should spend the Fourth with his only sister, who lived in a charming country house in a pretty Connecticut village, and Gabriel had called to escort me thither on the evening of the 3d, when, unfortunately, having a little time to spare, he regaled me with the article on "Mothers-in-Law." That reading, as I have already narrated, resulted in my staying at home. "I suppose," I said, bitterly, to myself, "that Gabriel has gone, and that that Price girl, with eyebrows like interrogation points, will be hovering about him all day, as she always does;" and I gave my wrapper such a pull that two of the buttons flew off, when Adeline Eliza came in.

"Why, Car'line," said she—everybody else called me Carrie—"ain't you gone?"

"No," replied I, shortly, resisting an inclination to make some sarcastic remark on that most obvious fact.

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to"—pettishly and ungrammatically.

"Had a tiff with Gabe?" (Everybody else called him Gabriel.) And then seeing I would not answer, she continued, good-naturedly—to do her justice, she was the soul of good-nature—"Well, don't stay mopin' here. Take a cup of coffee, put on your things, and come with Gus and me. My folks are all a-goin' to meet at Hillside, and have a good old-fashioned picnic. You know grandfather and mother and heaps of my relations live there. Hurry up, and come along."

And I hurried up, and went along, for, as I quickly reasoned, spending the day with daisy-dotted fields, fine old trees, green hills, and an old-fashioned picnic would be much better than being nearly driven crazy by cannons, fire-works, smoke, and boys.

Hillside looked cool and inviting as we stopped at the dépôt, but my heart sank within me as I stepped from the train. I seemed to be so far from Gabriel, and the thought that the Price girl was no doubt so near afforded me anything but consolation.

And now while we are walking single file along the narrow sidewalk, shaded by round old apple-trees, I'll go back a little in my story to tell you that a week before this Fourth of July a burglar had been caught in grandmamma's house. Adeline Eliza caught him, but unfortunately had been obliged to let him go before assistance arrived. Since the eventful night I had heard her tell how she "woke up, about twelve o'clock"—Gus being away—"feelin' as though somethin' was goin' to happen, and there stood a great, tall fellow, with big black whiskers, at the burer"; and how she "sprung for him, and hung round his neck till he begun to choke, screamin' 'Murder!' all the time"; and how "he got away, and jumped out of the back winder on to the grape arbor, just as the policeman came in the door"; and how "he had a pistol, and if he could have got it out of his pocket, he would 'a shot me" (before that dreadful day was over I almost wished he had)—so many times that I was as awearied as "Mariana in the moated grange." And when I heard Adeline Eliza begin, to a bucolic relation who had met us at the station, and in whose footsteps she followed, "A great, tall fellow," I groaned in spirit. Not that I had any idea how that burglar would pursue me all day. If I had had, I should have silently turned and fled, and taken the next train back to the city.

After a quarter of an hour's walk we arrived at the house of the particular aunt who was to be our particular hostess, and found her and her whole family awaiting us on the ample porch, while before the gate stood a large and comfortable-looking carry-all. Into this, after numberless hearty welcomes, we were helped, and in a few moments were upon the grounds selected for the picnic. Pleasant, grass-covered, undulating, tree-shaded grounds, with a little brook running along at the back of them, glittering, splashing, and chattering in a most delightful manner.

Beneath a grand old hickory which partly overhung this brook I sat me down, and Adeline Eliza and several of her brothers, and a few of her sisters, and two or three of her cousins, and her aunt, and her bright-eyed old mother, grouped themselves before me.

"Isn't this lovely?" exclaimed one of the cousins.

"Beautiful!" said Adeline Eliza. "But I must tell you about the burglar; never came so near being killed in all my life." I gently swung my feet over the bank on which I was sitting. "I went to sleep that night awful tired"—I dropped almost into the brook below—"but somethin' made me wake up"—I stole away on tip-toe—"and there stood a great, tall fellow" reaching my ears as I descended into a Lilliputian valley with my sparkling little companion.

I walked with the happy brook a mile or more, and then turned back as the dinner-horn sounded. And such a dinner! or, more properly speaking, such a breakfast, lunch, and dinner all mingled into one huge meal, as met my astonished vision when I again joined the party!

Giant loaves of home-made bread; biscuits, buns, crackers; pork and beans together; beans without the pork; pork without the beans; chickens roasted, broiled, and in salads; beef boiled and baked; peas, corn, and more beans skillfully combined, or in separate dishes; young beets, cucumbers, lettuces; cakes—a legion of cakes; pies—a host of pies; berries—bushels of berries; coffee, tea, and lemonade—gallons of them all! If ever table *did* groan beneath the weight of food, those tables should have groaned with a groan more appalling than ever was heard from the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never saw *I* so bountiful a repast before, and, truth to tell, it was a welcome sight, for, notwithstanding my grief at being separated from my Gabriel, youth and country air asserted themselves, and I was decidedly hungry.

"Set right down here, Car'line," called my sister-in-law, the moment I came in sight, pointing to a vacant seat on her right. I obeyed, unfolded my napkin, took a cup of coffee somebody handed me, said, "Yes, thank you," to an offer of roast chicken, when Adeline Eliza, with her mouth full of succotash, turning to her neighbor on her left, resumed the story which my arrival apparently had interrupted for a moment: "A great, tall fellow with big—" I jumped up hastily. There was an unoccupied chair at the children's table. "I'll help take care of the little ones," said I, and fled once more.

Dinner lasted about two hours, and shortly after a stalwart, brown-faced young farmer bashfully proposed a swing, or "a scup," as he called it. I eagerly accepted his invitation. Anything, anything, I thought, to get away from those "big black whiskers," and keep Gabriel and that forward Price girl out of my mind. Besides which, I was very fond of swinging. So in a few moments I was merrily flying up among the tree-tops, and in another few moments a shrill, too well known voice followed me. I glanced down. Adeline Eliza stood beneath an adjacent tree, talking to her deaf old grandfather.

"No, no, I didn't say black sisters," she screamed; "black *whiskers*—big black whiskers."

And thereafter, no matter how high I soared, that wretched story soared with me.

"I gave him a choke," yelled Adeline Eliza.

"No, no, not 'joke.' It wasn't no 'joke,' but a *real* burglar."

"Let the cat die," murmured I to my farmer friend, and before it was fairly dead I sprang from the swing, and precipitately joined a noisy party who were playing "Follow my leader" with shouts of laughter that could have certainly been heard a mile away.

Supper. Another heavily loaded table, and people eating as though they had had no dinner. Adeline Eliza sat opposite to me. An elder sister, who had just arrived on the scene of action—her carriage having broken down, and tumbled herself and children into the dust five miles up the road, from whence they had all trudged, while "pa" went to look for a blacksmith—took her place at my side.

"I declare, when that wagon went to pieces," said she, "I was almost scared to death."

"Scared to death!" repeated my sister-in-law, with an accent of scorn. "Guess if you'd 'a waked up and seen a burglar in your room, as *I* did t'other night—"

"No!" exclaimed her sister.

"No 'no' about it," replied Adeline Eliza, gulping down her ice-cream in such a hurry that her nose turned blue, and I shivered. "A great, tall fellow—"

I started to my feet, plumped an open-eyed, open-mouthed urchin into my place, handed him my cake and ice-cream, and rushed out into the old-fashioned garden. Even there my evil spirit seemed to pursue me, and I fancied the crickets chirped over and over again, "A great, tall fellow," and the tree-toads and katydids joined in with "Big black whiskers, big black whiskers."

"Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel!" said I, "if you but knew what I have suffered, you wouldn't even speak to that Price girl, let alone play croquet with her, as I suppose you have been doing all the afternoon!"

And I wandered about among the sleeping flowers until the crickets and tree-toads and katydids had resumed their usual song, and then I returned to the house, hoping to find the old arm-chair that stood at one end of the porch without an occupant. It was. All the party, as I saw when I peeped through the white muslin window-curtains, were assembled in the long, low-ceilinged parlor. Adeline Eliza sat in the centre of the room, one of her children asleep in her lap. "And I woke up," she was saying, "and there stood—"

"Where, oh, where shall I fly?" exclaimed I, in nervous agony; and in my agitation and the darkness, missing the porch steps, I stumbled, and fell into the arms of—Gabriel, *my* Gabriel.

"Who are you flying from, dear?" he asked, as he gave me a kiss.

"A great, tall fellow—" began I.

He put me away from him sternly.

"While I have been at home alone all day," he said, "thinking of you, and at last, unable to endure your absence any longer, have followed you here, *you*, it seems, have been flirting—"

"No, no, Gabriel," I almost shouted; "you are mistaken—ever so much mistaken. You can't imagine—you never could imagine—what this day has been made to me by—what's its name?—'iteration,' as somebody says in *Henry the Fourth*. Poe's raven, with its funereal 'Never more,' must have been bliss in comparison. Only listen." And he listened, laughing heartily one moment, and sympathizing with me the next.

"You poor little martyr," he said, when I had finished. "But it's all over now, and we'll never quarrel again. Had you fifty mothers, they should all be welcome to the shelter of my humble roof."

"Oh no, you are *too* good, dearest," cried I, not to be outdone in generosity. "We'd take care of them nicely just around the corner."

When, the party breaking up, Gabriel helped me into the carry-all, "Why, Gabe," exclaimed Adeline Eliza, "is that you? You'll have to sleep in the barn." And then, looking down into the earnest face of a young nephew who sat at her feet, she said, "Let me see. Where was I? Oh yes. A great, tall fellow—" But what cared I? The spell was broken. I never heard another word of the story, although I believe she told it again to the very end, for my heart was singing loudly, "Gabriel, is here! Gabriel is here!"

THE STATUE OF HAMILTON.

ON page 788 will be found a picture of the statue of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, which was unveiled in Central Park on Monday, November 22. It was presented to the city by his son, Colonel JOHN C. HAMILTON, who made a brief but impressive speech on the occasion.

The sculptor, CHARLES CONRADTS, has represented the statesman standing erect, as if in the act of speaking. The costume is that of the Revolutionary period. The collarless coat is very long, with full skirts, and the capacious waistcoat displays the wide flaps worn at that time. Around the neck is folded a long cravat, and lace ruffles appear in the shirt front and at the wrists. Knee-breeches, long stockings, and low shoes, with buckles, complete the costume. On the left breast of the coat appears the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

A sword, its sheath, and a three-cornered hat with a cockade, lie on the moulding of the pedestal. Rosettes appear at the corners, and thirteen stars are distributed along the upper edge of the pedestal. At the base of the statue is the word "HAMILTON," below which is the inscription, "Presented by JOHN C. HAMILTON. 1880."

The statue is cut from fine granite from the works of the New England Granite Company, at Hartford, Connecticut, and, with its pedestal, is about eighteen feet in height.

FOUR NEW GOVERNORS.

FIFTEEN States elected Governors on the 2d of November, nine of whom were Republicans, and six Democrats. The portraits of four of the successful candidates are given on page 788.

In New Jersey there were four tickets in the field, viz., GEORGE C. LUDLOW (Democrat), FREDERIC A. POTTS (Republican), THOMAS D. HOXSEY (Greenback), and STEPHEN B. RANSOM (Prohibition). On the face of the returns the first received 121,666 votes, the second, 121,015, the third, 2759, and the fourth, 195. Mr. LUDLOW seems, therefore, to have a plurality of 651, which is 1359 less than the plurality of General HANCOCK'S electors. Governor MCCLELLAN'S plurality in 1877 was 12,746. Mr. LUDLOW is a prominent lawyer, living in New Brunswick, is fifty years of age, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. He was born at Milford, New Jersey, and when twenty years of age was graduated at Rutgers College. Four years ago he was elected a member of the State Senate.

New Hampshire also had four tickets, viz., CHARLES H. BELL (Republican), FRANK JONES (Democrat, renominated), WARREN G. BROWN (Greenback, Prohibition candidate for Railroad Commissioner in 1878), and GEORGE D. DODGE (Prohibition). The Republican candidate carried the State by about 3,600 plurality. This is regarded as a great victory, in view of the fact that large sums of money were used on the other side. Two years ago the Republicans had a plurality on Governor of only 391.

Mr. DAVID H. JEROME, who was elected by a large majority as Governor of Michigan, likewise had three opponents. The Democratic candidate had the support of the State Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, but even with their powerful aid he was defeated. The Governor-elect is a year older than Mr. LUDLOW. He is a well-known hardware merchant in Saginaw City, and is the president of the Saginaw Valley and St. Louis Railroad, and also of one of the city railroads.

The South Carolina candidate had a comparatively clear field, his only opponent being L. W. R. BLAIR, the Greenback nominee. The Republicans, knowing that it would be useless to put up a name, did not do so, and Mr. HAGOOD'S party had it all their own way. The fraud and intimidation practiced throughout the State were of the most glaring and shameful character. A gentleman writing from Aiken tells how the negroes were beaten and driven from the polls when they went to vote the Republican ticket for Presidential electors and Congressmen. In conclusion he says: "The returns for the county indicate that a total of 4972 Democratic votes were cast, and that the majority for the Democratic ticket is 3483, a number far in excess of their *bona fide* vote. At many polling-places in the county there were no Republican ballots cast, for the reason that the Democrats forcibly took the Republican tickets from the ticket-bearers and burned them. One United States Supervisor was beaten and driven from the poll, and others were driven away by threats of personal violence......Honest Democrats of the North would blush to witness the practices of their Southern allies. A young lawyer, and a Democrat, from New York, who is here for the benefit of his health, was so shocked at the brutality exhibited by the Democrats in this county on election-day that he declared himself a Republican henceforward, and has written a letter to Senator CONKLING describing and denouncing the shameful proceedings of South Carolina Democrats." The Legislature will stand 152 Democrats and 6 Republicans. Considering that there are at least 25,000 more Republican than Democratic voters in the State, the charge of fraud is pretty clearly proven on the face of the returns.

THE LATE GOVERNOR WILLIAMS.

THE Hon. JAMES D. WILLIAMS, Governor of Indiana, died suddenly at Indianapolis on the 20th of November, from the effects of a chronic disease of many years' standing. He was seventy-four years old.

Governor WILLIAMS enjoyed a long public career, which, with the exception of his term in Congress, was wholly identified with State affairs.

After filling various subordinate offices, he was elected to the State Legislature, and served seven years in the House and twelve years in the Senate. In 1874 he was elected a Representative in Congress from the Second Congressional District to succeed Hon. WILLIAM E. NIBLACK, and before his term expired was nominated by the Democratic party as its candidate for Governor. The contest between Mr. WILLIAMS and General HARRISON resulted in the election of the former by a plurality of over 5000 votes.

The deceased, of whom we give a portrait on page 788, was a man of marked personal appearance, standing six feet four inches in height, and weighing 174 pounds. His figure was tall and ungainly, and his plain dress gave it additional homeliness. He was a man of limited education, and his political views were crude and narrow, but he was respected by men of all parties for his incorruptible honesty and sincere desire to do right.

A KEY TO LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION."

FOR many American readers the identification of the subjects of Lord Beaconsfield's fiction with the objects of his political admirations or animosities would be difficult, and in some cases impossible, without the aid of such a key as that furnished by Mr. L. J. Jennings, the London correspondent of the New York *World*, which we herewith copy:

"The action of the novel begins with the throes of the reform movement, at the time when George Canning is on his death-bed, and the Iron Duke is the hope of conservative England. Sidney Wilton, who represents Sidney Herbert, afterward Lord Herbert of Lee, the well-known brother of the twelfth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, opens the novel, emerging from White's Club, and coming at once into conversation with a friend, Mr. Ferrars, an imaginary character made to do duty as the father of Endymion Ferrars, under which name the Earl of Beaconsfield has clearly undertaken to describe certain features of the career of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. Endymion Ferrars has a twin-sister Myra, another figment of the brain, who strikes the key-note of her brother's character and career when she says to him, 'Power and power alone should be your absorbing object, and all the accidents and incidents of life should only be considered with reference to that main result.' The boy himself, when he is first introduced as a disdainful lad seven years old in a velvet jacket with silver buttons, announces that after going to Eton he is to go to Christchurch, and then into Parliament.

"Queen Hortense comes into the novel early, under the rather severe name of Agrippina, and the Emperor Napoleon III., her son, as Prince Florestan, with 'his graceful bow that always won a heart,' who sets forth from England in a yacht, and conquers his kingdom in ten days, after writing a pretty little note to Lady Palmerston, who figures in the book with her lord as Lord and Lady Roehampton. Lord Beaconsfield makes nothing of anachronisms in this curious production. He paints the Eglinton Tournament, and makes Prince Bismarck figure in it as the Count of Ferrol. Baron Lionel Rothschild appears as Baron Neuchâtel. Poole, the tailor, figures as Vigo.

"Cardinal Manning plays a part as Penruddocke, a prophet ordained in Mayfair, who regarded Lord John Russell with well-bred horror. 'Soapy Sam' Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, appears under the pseudonym of Dr. Comely. Lord Strangford is introduced first as Mr. and then as Lord Waldershare, Milner Gibson as Mr. Jorrocks, and Lord Melbourne as Lord Montford. One of the best pen-pictures in the book is that of Richard Cobden as Job Thornberry, whose thin, clear voice was only less clear than his statements.

"Neither this, be it remembered, nor any other portrait in the book, can be regarded as a full-length, and times, places, and persons are so tossed and tumbled together that the Earl can confidently deny any given likeness to be the likeness of the person who sat for it in his mind. But the names I have sent you may be relied on, and your readers will see this for themselves."

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

SOME of the Chinese soothsayers practice the divining art in the open street; others, in better circumstances, erect a small tent, where, seated on the ground, a small table in front, on one side a piece of carpet, on which are placed in a circle the small celestial and terrestrial wands by which they reveal the secrets of heaven, they await their dupes. This absurd and impious trade is the livelihood of a number of persons; the passers-by find these snares laid for them in all the principal streets, and in the avenues of the palace. It makes one's heart ache to see the stupidity of the people in this matter; the very poorest have always some coin in their pocket with which to purchase some prediction or charm, although the sale of these is forbidden by the law; to this irregularity, however, the police are blind. The fortune-tellers most in vogue are the Bonzes, Tavists, and Lamas, the latter being the most highly esteemed by the court and whole of Pekin.

We have found in the celebrated collection Huang ming shi fu-lu, book 17, a general table of signs, prognostics and announcements of the good and evil fortune which is to befall the sovereign and the state. The preface to this singular work (written by the first emperor of the past dynasty) speaks of these merely as warnings from Heaven, who is ever willing to pardon the repentant, and punishes with reluctance; this introduction is so peculiar that we give an example of it:—"Ground that lapses or sinks indicates a change of ministry and dispersion of the people. A sudden change in the hue of the sky generally signifies that the emperor is governed by women, and that his subjects have but little affection for him: should this change occur in the spring, it announces an unfortunate year; if in summer, sorrow will befall the emperor, and the harvest be bad; if it happens in the autumn, it means war; and in winter, that the capital will be exposed to disaster. Winds escaping from the earth with a roaring noise denote that the reins of government are in the hands of women, and that the emperor will be dethroned. Meteors in the air indicate perverted doctrine, insincerity in social life, too lavish an expenditure in the palace, and danger to the latter from an incendiary. Mountains crumbling away mean that the worthiest mandarins are removed from office, while pernicious advisers predominate in the council. A shower of cinders is the sign of a cruel government, and defeat of imperial interests by those of the people. Heavy rains out of season indicate that the empress interferes in state affairs, and that unwise and meddlesome persons seek to disturb the established order of things by introducing innovations." The work, as it will be seen, enters into an infinity of details and possibilities too wearisome to enumerate; but the earth, the sea, the atmosphere, furnish the author with few omens compared with those offered by the heavens.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MINISTER with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure; "it makes the skin very tender."

"What will you give me if I restore your eyesight?" asked the quack. "I will see," replied the blind man.

They had been to see the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, and, on their way home, thoughts of the death of the great dictator seemed to affect her so much that she turned to Algernon and exclaimed, "Wasn't it sad to be cut up so horribly!" "Aw—yes," sympathetically responded Algernon; "and he probably had on his best clothes."

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and had placed above it the conventional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears, and said: "It was very thoughtful to put it there. John was very fond of gunning, and it was an especially suitable emblem."

"Madam, you said your son was a lawyer, I think. Has he much practice?" "Why, yes, sir, he has a great practice—of smoking and chewing tobacco."

An Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.

"Adolphus, my dear," said she, "it's nearly a year since you began to call." "Yes, I believe so," nervously. "And we've talked about books and music every night." "Y-y-e-s, I think so," more nervous than before. "Well, I—I— Don't you think a change would be agreeable?" There was a "change" in a few weeks. The pastor made it.

Gin Sling is the euphonious name of a Chinese Freshman at Yale. Who knows but that at some time in the vast future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the American bar?

Kissing is something like seven up. If he begs, and she thinks she can make points in the game, she will give one.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica. "Why so?" inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"We don't want all this, we don't want it," said a solicitor, the other day, to a voluble old lady in the witness box; "it is irrelevant." But the witness paid no heed, and talked on, finishing with, "There, you've got it, whether you want it or not; and it isn't irreverent, either!"

WHAT AN IRASCIBLE FATHER SAYS.—As the twig is bent, the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

FOR THE WEATHER-WISE.—The weather can scarcely be called "settled" while heavy "dews" are seen every morning.

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

A poor copying clerk at the French Ministry of the Interior was lately asked what place he occupied there. "Oh, a very good place," he replied; "between the stove and the window."

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse on a race-course?—Because you will always find a bettor there.

MINISTER (*to Rory*). "Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?"

RORY. "I wis at Mr. Dunlop's kirk."

MINISTER. "I don't like your running about tae strange kirks in that way. Not that I object tae yer hearing Mr. Dunlop; but I'm shure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures."

RORY. "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better gress."

A FANCY POPULATION—Peopling the air.

We are likely at length to hear the last of the excavations at Troy, M. Aspeline, who is said to be a "Finnish" archæologist, having now set to work there. When anything comes to a "Finnish," we may surely reasonably expect it will not be recommenced.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN—HOME ONCE MORE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"NOT FOR YOUR LINAGE, NE FOR YOUR RICHESSE."

THE two young men walked up and down under the walnut-trees for nearly an hour, Gerald Goring playing the unaccustomed part of consoler. He liked Edgar Turchill with an honest liking. There was a shade of condescension, of unconscious patronage, in the feeling; but it was thoroughly sincere. The Saxon squire was, of course, distinctly on a lower intellectual level than the man of mixed race—the man whose father had thrust himself into the front ranks of life by the sheer force of will and brains, unaided by conventional training of any kind; whose mother had been the last development of a family reared in courts and palaces. Compared with the quicksilver that flowed in his own veins, Edgar Turchill's blood was a fluid that smacked of the vegetable kingdom—watery stuff such as oozes out of a turnip or a cabbage when the cook-maid cuts it. Yet the man could feel, and so keenly that Gerald was touched with tenderest pity.

"Don't be down-hearted, old fellow," he said, walking slowly under the spreading boughs, with his hand resting affectionately upon Turchill's shoulder. "Be sure things will work round in time. She is a pert, capricious minx; but she can not help being fond of you, if you are only patient."

"I would wait for her as Jacob waited for Rachel, if I were as sure of winning her," answered Edgar; "but I'm afraid there's no chance. If she detested me, if the very sight of me were odious to her, there might be some hope. But she likes me—she is even fond of me, in a calm, sisterly way. If you knew how sweet she was to me in the spring before you came—she had no fits of temper then—when I taught her sculling; how she used to boil a kettle down in the boat-house, and—"

"Yes, it was awfully nice of her," interjected Gerald, somewhat impatiently, having heard the story of these boat-house breakfasts several times before.

"If she were less kind, I should have more hope," pursued Edgar. "I think I shall go away—out of the country—where I shall never see her lovely face. I have a great mind to go to India, and shoot big game."

"And stick pigs. A curious cure for the heart-ache. No, old fellow; stay at home and bide your time. That's your game."

"I could never look her in the face after to-night," said Edgar.

"Nonsense, man! Treat this capricious minx as coolly as if nothing had ever been said about love and despair. Let her think to-night's avowal the consequence of too much wine—a mere after-dinner outburst of sentiment. Look her in the face, forsooth! If you are a wise man, you may make her ashamed to look you in the face before she is six months older. You have spoiled her by your flatteries and foolings and compliances. Give her a little of the rough side of your bark. She professes to care for you as a

CUPID TOBOGGANING.

brother, quotha! Treat her with brotherly discourtesy—brotherly indifference. Be as candid about her faults and follies as if you were her very brother. When she finds you can live without her, she will begin to languish for the old adulation."

"I love her too well to be such a Jesuit," said Edgar.

"Pshaw! do you suppose Petruchio did not love Kate? He knew there was but one way of taming his fair shrew, and he used the sense Heaven had given him."

"I couldn't act a part where she is concerned," argued Edgar. "She would find me out in a moment."

They talked for a long time upon the same subject, wearing the theme threadbare, travelling backward and forward over the same line of argument, while the moon climbed higher and higher in the cloudless blue; and in the end Edgar acknowledged that it would be a foolish thing to leave his farm before the harvest was all in; or his mother, before she had enjoyed her annual fortnight at the sea-side; or to uproot himself violently from his native soil in the vain hope of curing his heart-wound. He had tried foreign air for his malady before, and foreign air had done nothing for him; and this time he believed the wound to be ever so much deeper. A lifetime in a strange country would hardly heal it.

At last Edgar consented to be led despondently back to the house, which he had left a little while ago with his heart beating high, full of hope and delight. They found the three ladies seated in the quaint old drawing-room, dimly lighted by a dozen or so of candles in the silver sconces against the wall. There was nothing so distinctly modern as a moderator-lamp at Hawksyard.

Mrs. Turchill was enlarging mildly, in a lowered voice, upon the various short-comings of her servants, who, although old servants, and infinitely better than other people's, were yet so far human in their faultiness as to afford food for conversation. Madoline was listening with polite interest, throwing in an encouraging word now and then, which was hardly needed, for Mrs. Turchill's monologue would have gone on just the same without it. Daphne, exhausted by a long day's vivacity, had fallen asleep, sitting erect in a straight-backed cherry-wood chair.

Gerald Goring remembered that day at Fontainebleau when he had told himself that Daphne asleep would be a very commonplace young person. Yet, as he looked at her to-night, he was fain to own that even in slumber she was lovely. Was it some trick of candle-light and shadow which gave such piquancy to the delicate features, which gave such expression to the dark pencilled brows and drooping eyelids? The bright hair, the pale yellow gown, the exquisite fairness of the complexion, gave a lily-like loveliness to the whole figure. So pale, so pure, so little earthly!

"Poor Edgar," sighed Mr. Goring. "He is very much to be pitied. How desperately I could have loved such a girl, if I had not already adored her opposite! And how I would have made her love me!" he added, remembering all

their foolish talk, and how easy it had seemed to him to play upon that sensitive nature.

"I'm afraid the tea is cold," said Mrs. Turchill. "You gentlemen have been enjoying your cigars in the walnut walk, I suppose."

The clatter of cups and saucers startled Daphne. She opened her eyes, and saw Edgar looking at her with piteous reproachfulness. She could calmly sleep, just after giving him his death-wound. There was a refinement of cruelty in such indifference. Then he suddenly remembered Gerald's advice, and tried to seem equally at his ease.

"I'll wager mother has been bemoaning the vices of the new dairy-maid, and the ingratitude of the old one in going away to be married," said he. "That's what sent you to sleep, wasn't it, Daphne?"

"I was tired. We had such a long afternoon," she answered, wearily.

"The carriage has been waiting half an hour," said Madoline. "I think we had better put on our hats, and then say good-night."

"Mr. Goring will drive home with you, of course?" said Mrs. Turchill.

"In case of highwaymen—or a traction engine," retorted Daphne. "I believe a steam-plough sometimes comes puffing along the road at night, doesn't it, Lina?"

"Yes, I am going to see them safe home, Mrs. Turchill. I am to stay at South Hill to-night, and hear Sir Vernon's account of the yeomanry dinner."

Edgar, who had just been talking of eternal banishment, was longing to ask for the fourth seat in the landau. The walk home between midnight and morning would be delightful.

"I should have liked to hear about the dinner," he began, dubiously; and then meeting Gerald's eye, quailed beneath its friendly ridicule, and said no more.

He escorted Daphne to the carriage, helped to arrange her wraps with a steady hand, though his heart beat passionately all the time; and he bade her good-night in so thoroughly cheery a voice that she wondered a little to find how easily he had taken her rejection of him.

"Poor dear Edgar," she said to herself, as they drove along the shadowy Warwickshire lane, through the calm beauty of the summer night. "I dare say it was only an impulse of the moment—or perhaps it was the moon—that made him propose to me. Yet he seemed awfully in earnest, and I was afraid I might have offended him by laughing. But after being devoted to Lina, and making me the confidante of his grief, it was certainly rather impertinent to offer himself to me; as if, because I am a nobody, I am to put up with a second-hand lover. But he is a dear, good-natured creature, all the same, and I should be sorry to offend him."

She was silent all the way home, sitting in her comfortable corner of the carriage, wrapped to her chin in her soft white shawl, to all appearance asleep. Yet not once did her senses lose themselves in slumber. She was listening to the happy lovers as they talked of the past—that part of the past which they had spent asunder. Gerald had been talking of a long mule ride in Switzerland under just such a moon-lit sky. It was no tremendous mountain ascent, only a ride from Evian up to a village at the foot of the Dent d'Oche to look down upon Lake Leman and its lovely shores bathed in moonlight; the long dark range of the Jura rising like a wall on the western side; picturesque villages on the banks gleaming in the silver light, with their old church towers half hidden by masses of dark foliage; one lonely boat, with its twin sails, skimming like a swallow across the moon-lit water.

"It must have been delicious," said Lina.

"It was very nice—except that you were not there. 'But one thing want these banks of Rhine.'"

"And did you really miss me at such moments, Gerald? When you were looking at some especially lovely scene, had you really and truly a feeling that I ought to have been by your side?"

"Really and truly. The better half of myself was missing. Pleasure was only a one-sided affair, as that moon will appear next week—an uncomfortable-looking, fragmentary kind of a planet."

"I love to hear of your travels, Gerald," said Lina, softly. "Have you told me all about them, do you think?"

"All that's worth telling, I fancy," he answered, lightly, with an involuntary glance at Daphne, to see if she were really asleep.

There was no quiver of the dark lashes, no movement in the restful figure. Her face had that pale, unearthly look which all faces have in the moonlight. A pain shot through his heart as he thought that it was thus she would look in death. It was one of those involuntary flashes of thought which sometimes flit across a mind unacquainted with actual sorrow—the phantom of a grief that might be.

When they arrived at South Hill, Daphne wished her sister and Mr. Goring a brief good-night, and went straight to her room. She had no motive for awaiting her father's home-coming. He would have nothing to say to her. His only greeting would be a look which seemed to ask what business she had there. It was on the stroke of eleven. Madoline and Gerald walked up and down the gravel-drive in front of the house, waiting for the carriage from Warwick; and during this interval Mr. Goring told his sweetheart how Edgar Turchill had been rejected by Daphne. Madoline was deeply distressed by this news. She had made up her mind that her sister's life was to be made happy in this particular way. She had imagined a fair and peaceful future in which she would be living at the Abbey, and Daphne at Hawksyard—not a dozen miles apart. And now this willful Daphne had rejected the moated grange and its owner; and this fair picture of the future had no more reality in it than a mirage city seen from the dreary sands of a desert.

"I thought she was attached to him," said Madoline, when she had been told the whole story. "She has encouraged him to come here; she has always seemed happy in his company. Half her life, since she came from school, has been spent with him."

"In sober earnest, darling, I'm afraid this fascinating little sister of yours is an arrant coquette. She has flirted with Edgar because there was no one else to flirt with."

"Please don't say that, Gerald, for I know you are mistaken," answered Madoline, eagerly. "Daphne is no flirt. She looks upon Edgar as a kind of adopted brother. I have always known that, but I fancied that this friendly, trustful feeling of hers would lead in time to a warmer attachment. As to coquetry, she does not know what it means. She is thoroughly child-like and innocent."

"Possibly, dearest. Yet in her childishness she knows how to fool a man as thoroughly as Ninon de l'Enclos could have done after half a century's practice. However, I hope Edgar will stand his ground, and bring this wayward puss to her senses."

"I can not understand how she can help liking him," mused Madoline. "He is so good, so frank, and brave and true."

"All noble qualities, and deserving a woman's affection. Yet the sentimental history of the human race tends to show that a man with all those virtues is not the most dangerous to the fair sex."

"Gerald," said Lina, "I have an idea that pride is at the bottom of Daphne's refusal."

"Why pride? What kind of pride?"

"She has harped a good deal at different times upon her penniless position; has called herself a pauper, half in joke, half in earnest, but with a bitterness of tone that wounded me. She may think that as Edgar is well off, and she has no fortune, she ought not to accept him."

"My dearest love, what an utterly Quixotic idea! The only thought a pretty young woman ever has about a man's money is that when she shall be his wife she can have more frocks than the common run of women. There is no sense of obligation. She is so conscious of the boon she bestows that she accepts his filthy lucre as a matter of course."

"I don't think that would be Daphne's way of thinking."

"Dearest, if she were wholly your sister, I should say not. But as she is only your half-sister, I can suppose her only about half as good again as the ruck of womankind."

"You are very rich, are you not, Gerald?"

"Well, yes: it would take a large amount of idiocy on my part to spoil the income my father left me. It might be done, no doubt, if I went into the right circles. My ruin would be only a question of so many years and so many race-horses. But while I live as I am living now, there is very little chance of my becoming acquainted with want."

"I know, dear; and I don't think it was for the sake of my fortune you chose me, was it, Gerald?"

"My dearest love, I only wish some old nurse would turn up on your wedding morning and tell you that you are not the Lady Clara, so that I might prove to you how little wealth or position influenced my choice. I think I know what you are going to say, Lina. As I have more money than you and I together—indulge our caprices as we may—are ever likely to spend, why not give your fortune to Daphne?"

"Dear Gerald, how good of you to guess my wish! I should like to divide my fortune with my sister when I come of age. I don't want to give her all, for half would be ample. And I am so accustomed to the idea of independence that I should hardly like to be a pensioner even upon you. Will you speak to the lawyers, Gerald, and find out how the gift had better be made?"

"Yes, dear; I'll settle everything with the men of law. It seems to me that you can do just what you like as soon as you come of age. But you'll have to wait till then."

"Only ascertain that it can be done, Gerald, and then I can tell Daphne, and she will no longer fancy herself a pauper. It may influence her in her conduct to Edgar."

"It may," answered Gerald, dubiously; "but somehow I don't think it will. Edgar must win the game off his own bat."

The sisters were alone together in Madoline's morning-room after breakfast next day. Gerald had gone to the Abbey to look after the builders, and settle various matters with his steward. Daphne was sitting half in and half out of the balcony, idle as was natural to her, but listless and discontented-looking, which was a state of mind she did not often exhibit.

There was no Edgar this morning, and she missed her faithful slave.

Perhaps he meant never to come to South Hill any more; in which case it would be difficult for her to get rid of her life.

"Daphne," began Madoline, gravely, "I have heard something which has made me very unhappy—which has altogether surprised and disappointed me. I am told that Edgar proposed to you last night, and that you refused him."

"Did he send you the news in a telegram?" asked Daphne, flaming red. "I don't see how else you could have heard it."

"No matter how I heard it, dear. It is the truth, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is the truth. But I despise him for telling you," answered Daphne, angrily.

"It was not he who told me. It was Gerald, who by accident overheard the end of your conversation with Edgar, and who—"

"What! he has been interfering, has he?" cried Daphne, looking still more angry. "It is supremely impertinent of him to busy himself about my affairs."

"Daphne! Is that the way you speak of my future husband—your future brother?"

"He has no right to dictate whom I am to accept or reject. What can it matter to him?"

"He does not presume to dictate; but it does matter a great deal to him that my sister should choose the path in life which is most likely to lead to happiness."

"How can he tell which path will lead me to happiness? Does he suppose that I am going to have a husband chosen for me, as if I were a wretched French girl educated in a convent?"

"He thought—just as I thought—that you could hardly help liking such a thoroughly good fellow as Edgar: a man so devoted to you; so unselfish; such a good son."

"What have I to do with his virtues? I don't care a straw for him, except as a friendly sort of creature who will do anything I ask him, and who is very nice to play tennis or billiards with. He ought not to be offended at my refusing him. It would have been all the same had he been any one else. I shall never marry."

"But why not, Daphne?"

"Oh, for no particular reason: except, perhaps, that I am too fond of having my own way, and shouldn't like a master."

"Daphne, there is something in your tone that alarms me. It is so unnatural in a girl of your age. While you were at Asnières did you ever see any one—you were such a child, that it seems foolish to ask such a question—but was there any one at Asnières whom—"

"Whom I fell in love with? No, dearest, there was no one at Asnières. Madame Tolmache was most judicious in her selection of masters. I don't think the most romantic school-girl, fed upon three-volume novels, could have fancied herself in love even with the best-looking of them."

"I can't make you out, Daphne. Yet I think you might be very happy as Edgar Turchill's wife. It would be so nice for us to be living in the same county, within a few miles of each other."

"Yes, that would be nice; and it would be nicer to be at Hawksyard than to stay at South Hill when you are gone. Yet you see I have too much self-respect to perjure myself, and pretend to return poor Edgar's affection."

"I have been thinking, Daphne, that perhaps some sense of mistaken pride may stand between you and Edgar."

And then, falteringly, ashamed of her own generosity, Madoline told her sister how she meant to divide her fortune.

"What!" cried Daphne, turning pale; "take his money? Not a sixpence. Never speak of it—never think of such a thing again."

"Whose money, dear? It is mine, and mine alone. I have the right to do what I like with it."

"Would you dispose of it without asking Mr. Goring's leave—without consulting him?"

"Hardly. Because I love him too well to take any steps without asking his advice—without confiding fully in him. But he goes with me in this, heart and soul, Daphne; he most thoroughly approves my plan."

"You are very good—he is very generous; but I will never consent to accept sixpence out of your fortune. You may be as generous to me as you like—as you have always been, darling; you may give me gloves and frocks and pocket-money—while you are Miss Lawford; but to rob you of your rights; to lessen your importance as Mrs. Goring; to feel myself under an obligation to your husband—not for all this wide world. Not if money could make me happy—which it could not," she added, with a stifled sob.

"Daphne, are you not happy?" questioned Lina, looking at her with sudden distress. "My bright one, I thought your life here was all gladness and pleasure. You have seemed so happy with Edgar, so thoroughly at your ease with him, that I fancied you must be fond of him."

"Should I be thoroughly at my ease with a man I loved, unless—unless our attachment were an old story—a settled business—like yours and Mr. Goring's?"

"Why will you persist in calling him Mr. Goring?"

"Oh, he is such a grand personage—the owner of an abbey, with cloisters, and half a mile of hot-houses—I could not bring myself to call him by his Christian name."

"As if the Abbey and the hot-houses made any difference! Well, darling, I am not going to worry you about poor Edgar. You must choose your own way of being happy. I would not for all the world that you should marry a man you did not love; but I should have been so glad if you could have loved Edgar. And I think, dear, that unintentionally—unconsciously even—you have done him a wrong. You have led him to believe you like him."

"And so I do like him, better than any one in the world after—my own flesh and blood."

"Yes, dear. But he has been led to hope something more than that. I fear he will feel his disappointment keenly."

"Nonsense, Lina. Don't you know that six months ago he was still suffering from his disappointment about you? and now you imagine he is going to break his heart for me. A heart so easily transferred can not be easily broken. It is a portable article. No doubt he will carry it somewhere else."

She kissed her sister, and ran out of the room, leaving Madoline anxious and perplexed, yet not the less resolved to endow Daphne with half her wealth so soon as she came of age.

"Providence never intended that two sisters should be so unequally circumstanced," she said to herself. "Willy-nilly, Daphne must accept what I am determined to give her. The lawyers will find out a way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

READY INGENUITY.

THERE are times and occasions in the lives of most individuals when a sudden call is made for the exercise of readiness or impromptu ingenuity, the importance of which may be very great, and which enables the possessor to make the best of such means and appliances as may be at hand, no matter how unpromising or apparently inapplicable.

Some years ago an incident occurred under the observation of a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, which confirms in a remarkable manner the value of a very simple expedient—the use of oil at sea. A Spanish steamer while crossing the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm gave such indications, by an unusual noise at the stern, as led the English engineer to suspect that there was something wrong with the screw-propeller or its shaft outside of the ship, that is, in the open space between the stern and rudder posts where the screw revolves. There was no dry-dock in any of the ports on the coast where the ship could go to be examined; and on arrival at Vigo it appeared as if there was no alternative but to remove the cargo from the stern, and by placing it forward, lift the screw-propeller and shaft to the surface of the water. The alternative, simple as it was, meant a serious delay and great expense. Before commencing to remove the cargo another consultation was held. It was then decided to put the stern of the ship over a bed of light-colored sand, and as the water was very clear, there might be a possibility of ascertaining the extent or cause of the mishap. For two days after the vessel was so placed the wind caused a ripple on the water, which effectually prevented anything being seen. It was then suggested by some one on board to try the use of oil on the surface of the water round the stern of the ship. The effect was most satisfactory. The water was becalmed as if by magic, and it was then seen that the wedge or key which keeps the propeller in its place on the shaft had come partly out, and thus left the screw loose on the shaft, which caused the noise. By continuing the use of oil for a few hours the wedge was ultimately driven into its place and secured. In this instance many days of detention and the use of costly appliances and labor were thus saved.

Instances of a more complex character frequently occur where a knowledge of natural laws or forces may be brought into operation to assist in surmounting difficulties. Thus, a few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons, was constructed in England, and erected in a remote part of Germany. By some mishap the bridge, when finished, was found to be some distance "out" to one side, an error which the proprietors insisted should be rectified. To take down and re-erect the bridge would be simply ruin to the contractor. But Necessity is the mother of Invention, and so it proved in this case. It was summer-time, and the contractor proceeded to find the amount of expansion which was caused by the heat of the sun over the whole length of the bridge. He next ascertained what contraction took place in the night by cooling. Armed with these data, he thought it might be possible to bring the bridge to its proper position in a few days. The bridge, of course, in its ordinary condition, expanded from the centre, pushing its two ends outward, or farther apart, and again contracting toward the centre. Taking advantage of these conditions, one end was made fast in the morning, and the bridge was forced to expand from that immovable point, instead of from the middle, as formerly. When the iron composing the bridge had expanded to its full extent in the direction intended, that end was released, and the opposite end made fast. The bridge then contracted toward its true position. Thus, whatever was gained by the day's expansion, was secured by the subsequent contraction when the metal cooled at night; and the process being renewed day by day, the work was successfully accomplished.

A knowledge of the laws and extent of the expansion and contraction of metals opens up a wide field of usefulness in this connection, and is capable of very extensive application. We see large guns built up in this manner, which could not possibly be made in any other way by the appliances that we possess at present. The tires of wheels, as every one knows, are also fixed on their places by being first heated and then left to shrink. An ingenious application of this quality in metals was made use of in France, and has frequently been taken advantage of since. The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outward; and the problem was to bring them back to their vertical position. For this purpose, a number of bars of iron having screws and nuts on each end were let through the opposite walls, and across the intervening space between them. The nuts and screw portion of the bars were outside. The bars were now heated by a number of lamps suspended below them until they had expanded as much as possible, and the nuts screwed up against the outsides of the two opposite walls. The lamps were next removed, when the heated bars in cooling gradually contracted in their length, bringing the walls very gently, but with irresistible force, into their normal position.

An old story is told in connection with the expansion and contraction of materials which may deserve a place here as an illustration in point. It has been stated that when the Egyptian obelisk was being erected in the square in front of St. Peter's at Rome in the year 1586, during the reign of Pope Sixtus V., it was first demonstrated that ropes under severe tension contracted by the application of moisture. The occasion was made one of high festival. The architect and workmen, and the obelisk also, received the benediction of the Pope, and high mass was celebrated in St. Peter's. But every attempt to move the pillar was unsuccessful. All the horses that could be found, with all the appliances for lifting heavy weights of that time, were put into requisition. And it

was not until more than fifty unsuccessful efforts had been made that the huge mass rose from the ground. Meanwhile the great weight had stretched the ropes so much that when the pulley blocks had reached their limit in lifting, the bottom of the Obelisk had not reached the top of the seat prepared for it. At that moment a man in the crowd shouted, "Wet the ropes!" The experiment was tried, the ropes shrunk, and the Obelisk gradually and slowly rose to the required height, and was successfully placed on its seat.

Still further in relation to this subject we are indebted to Captain Saxby, of the British navy, for a remarkably simple and ingenious application of a very common instrument to the solving of a difficult but important problem. It is well known that in working iron, such as welding two pieces together, and even in its manufacture, hollow places, or flaws, occur, with merely an outside skin over the defective parts, which any test but a destructive one would fail to discover. Nor would it be difficult to point out numerous examples of disaster thus occurring. To test the homogeneity of the metal Captain Saxby takes a bar of iron and places it on the equatorial line. He next passes a compass with a very sensitive needle along in front of the bar, the needle of course pointing at a right angle to it. If the bar is perfectly solid through its whole length, the needle will remain steady. If, however, there should be a flaw or hollow place in the bar, the needle will be deflected as it passes from the solid to the hollow place, *backward* toward the solid iron; passing on over the hollow place, the needle will come within the range of the solid iron at the other end of the flaw, and will again be deflected *forward*. If the bar be cut through anywhere between these two points of deflection, a flaw will invariably be found. Many thousands of pieces of iron—some prepared for the purpose of testing this method of trial, others in the ordinary course of business—have been operated upon with the same unvarying result. Captain Saxby has called to his assistance Nature, who never makes mistakes in her operations.

TIRED LITTLE HEART.

TIRED little heart! how worn and weary art thou!
  How faint beneath the burden of thy days!
How all thy slips are taken amid shadows
  That hourly fall more darkly o'er thy ways!

Tired little heart! There is no breast to shelter,
  No loving touch to make the burden light,
No fond outlooking toward a brighter future,
  But darkness ever deepening into night.

Tired little heart! There is no lack of sunshine—
  Thy weary eyes may still discern its rays;
But, ah! the golden glinting and the glory
  Are ever wound around some other's days.

Tired little heart! Whenever shalt thou rest thee?
  When shall thy care and sorrow be no more?
When shall we lay thee down amid the daisies,
  And, weeping, say, "The sacrifice is o'er?"

GEMS AS CURES.

IN both the Greek and the Roman writers there are endless references to the curative power of precious stones. From many of the allusions it appears that the dictates of fashion here, as everywhere else, had much influence over the prevailing belief in the virtue of particular stones, now one and now another being held up as specially efficacious for the cure of certain diseases. Thus, while the "Crystal" and the "Adamas" stood for a long time among the Greeks at the head of medicinal agents, that position was afterward assumed by the "Sardius," or the Oriental carnelian. "No other stone," records Pliny, "was so great a favorite with the Greeks as this, and the plays of Menander and of Philemon abound in allusions to it." The cause of this favoritism lay probably in the facility with which the carnelian could be cut by the engraver, the dull red flesh-colored stone offering by itself no other attractions. Such engraved stones, either in the form of intaglios or of cameos, constitute to some extent an epoch in the history of gems, as it modified the original idea of stones being possessed of inherent virtues. To this came now to be added the conception that these powers might be raised or changed by pictures and inscriptions from the hand of the engraver.

The current of ideas that led to the engraving on precious stones is very clearly sketched out by Camillo Lionardo, an Italian writer of the fifteenth century, himself a firm believer in the power of "charms" and "amulets." Taking up the argument that the ancient Greeks and Romans, following in the footsteps of the Egyptians and Persians, were perfectly reasonable in attaching value to engraved stones, Lionardo goes on to say: "All things in nature have a certain form, and are subject to certain influences. So, also, precious stones, being natural productions, have a prescribed form, and as such are subject to the universal influence of the planets. Hence, if these stones be engraved by a skillful person, under some particular influence, they receive a special virtue, as if they had been endowed with additional power through that engraving. And should it happen that the power intended by the engraving be the same as that of the natural quality of the stone, its particular virtue will be doubled, and thereby its efficacy greatly augmented."

The ancient writers give us numerous prescriptions as to the proper use and application of engraved stones. It is not a little curious to observe many of the rules laid down for the employment of various "charms." Thus, "a ram or a bearded man's head [the god Ammon] engraved on sapphire will protect the wearer from all infirmities, from poison, and from oppression." An engraved beryl, "with the dragon in front, has power to evoke the water spirits and force them to speak; and it will also call up the dead of your acquaintance, obliging them to answer your questions." Another Greek writer lays it down that a stone engraved with a design showing "a man with a long face and beard, his eyebrows raised, sitting behind a plough, and holding up a fox and a vulture, with four men lying upon his neck," will, "when placed under your head while sleeping, make you dream of treasures, and the right way of discovering them." There were most remarkable virtues in another kind of cut stone, representing Hercules and Jove, "Man seated, and a woman standing before him with her hair hanging down loose on her back, the man looking up to her: this cut on carnelian has the virtue that whoever is touched therewith shall be led to do the owner's will immediately." And again, as related by Lionardo: "Man with a wand in his hand, seated on an eagle, engraved on hephæstitis [carbuncle], or crystal, which stone must be set in a copper ring: whosoever looks upon it on a Sunday, before sunrise, shall have victory over all his enemies, and if he looks upon it on a Thursday, all men shall obey him willingly. But he must be clothed in white, and abstain from eating pigeon." Highly recommended was another gem engraving, upon "chalcedonius," so called from being met with in copper mines near the city of Chalcedon. We learn that "a goat engraved on chalcedonius leads to amass wealth: keep this in thy money-box, and thou art certain to get rich." It is sad to record that the ancient chalcedonius, frequently referred to by Pliny, is no more found, the mines of Chalcedon having become exhausted more than a thousand years ago. The stone now going by the name of chalcedony is an agathe-onyx, closely allied to, and scarcely to be distinguished from, the Hungarian opal.

The faith in engraved stones as constituting "charms" and "amulets" flourishes, as is well known, nearly as vigorously in the East at the present day as it did in ancient Greece and Rome, and is not extinct even in Europe. There are few potentates in Asia or Africa who have not around their neck, mostly pressed against the heart, some gem to protect them against evil. The late King Francis II. of Naples wore constantly a necklet made up of engraved "amulets," supposed to be similar in virtue to the Greek stone with the man on the eagle, which conferred "victory over all enemies." To these "charms" his Majesty trusted to the very last—until, it is to be supposed, General Garibaldi had driven him from home and throne. Throughout Spain and Italy there exists, among the lower classes, full faith in "amulets," especially in such as adorn the statues of the Madonna and the favorite saints. In the rest of Europe the belief met its death-stroke in the advent of Protestantism. However, it is related by Vaughan, Bishop of Chester, that Queen Elizabeth cured, by touch, scrofulous diseases "by virtue of some precious stones belonging to the crown of England that possessed this miraculous gift." This was evidently still the belief in Queen Elizabeth's time, though it is more than doubtful whether the strongly-minded royal lady shared it.

LAW LIBRARIES.

NOT long since a paragraph was extensively circulated stating that Mr. Merritt King, a lawyer of Ithaca, New York, possessed the largest private law library (4000 volumes) in the United States, with one exception. The exception is doubtless the law library of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, of this city, which contains about 12,000 volumes, and embraces nearly everything of value that has ever been printed on every minute division of every branch of the law. There is probably no set of English, Irish, Scotch, American, or foreign reports in any of the chronological lists which is not on his shelves. In addition they contain the best editions of the leading works in French and German illustrating the jurisprudence of Continental Europe, and embracing the principles of commercial as well as international law. It contains all the current numbers of the principal legal periodicals of Europe and America, including *all* the reports of the various States, and a fair collection of the statutes of the latter, although, of course, the local laws are not added, owing to their bulk. The library is particularly rich in all matters relating to church and ecclesiastical law. Its collection of trials is unique and numerous, and the curiosities of legal literature are well represented. Among the latter may be mentioned volumes on Mohammedan law, the old *Standards of Bracton, Britton, Fleta*, with the curiosities known as the *Assizes of Jerusalem*, the Chinese codes, the blue laws, *Consolato del Mare*, etc. Among the legal curiosities are the year-books; *Bracton* (the copy owned by the tutor of Bloody Mary of England); *Damhoudere*, which contains curious and quaint wood-cuts; two editions of the *Assizes of Jerusalem;* an excellent collection of works and monographs (very many with very curious plates) on the law of torture; one book on the law of laughter; and one on Chinese punishment, with finely colored plates. Added to this is a remarkably fine copy of Staundforde's *Pleas of the Crown*, one of the earliest law-books published in England. Mr. Gerry's system of indexing is unique. The books are all arranged alphabetically, and every book has the letter on it under which it belongs. There is a double-indexed catalogue, which is kept up with great care, one containing an alphabetical list of the books, and the other an index for every possible subject where a reference to authority might be desired. This furnishes a ready reference to all the works on a single subject whenever a thorough investigation may be desired. The library is also replete with works on medical jurisprudence and insanity, with a thorough collection of English and United States statutes at large. There are several other fine law libraries in the city of New York, among which may be mentioned those of Mr. A. J. Vanderpoel, Mr. Clarence A. Seward, Chief Justice Daly, of the Common Pleas, Mr. Charles O'Conor, Mr. John E. Burrill, and Mr. W. W. Macfarland.

EATING TOO MUCH.

THE testimony of theologians, of historians, and of an immovable tradition, embodied in most if not all European languages, proves that among our remote though civilized ancestors, it was a common thing for men to cultivate the appetite for quantities of food till it became diseased, and that they gorged themselves with it habitually, till they became almost as incapable of the business and duties of life as drunkards now do. They sought quantity; they ate for eating's sake until they could eat no more, and when they ceased, were as incapable as many animals after a similar indulgence. (It is a popular mistake to suppose that only pigs are gluttons. Horses and cattle will kill themselves with certain kinds of food, and so will individual dogs, while all the wild carnivores are liable at times to eat themselves into temporary imbecility.) They could not work, they could not converse, and they could not think. They were full to bursting, and repeated the feeding until their lives became one long debauch, and their faculties died away as completely as if they had been drunkards, though of course the remedy, protracted fasting, was easier to apply. Many of the Roman nobles were gluttons as well as gourmands; indeed, the accounts of their feasts indicate a deep delight in overeating as well as epicurism; and it is probable that the vice existed in Syria, and amidst a generally abstemious population—a Jew to this day is rarely a drunkard, and an Arab never—may have seemed specially disgusting. Another bit of evidence is the continuance of the practice in the East. Men who eat enormously, who crave for huge quantities of food, and seek in overeating a torpor which pleases them as much as the calm before stupefaction pleases the drunkard, or apathetic rest the opium-smoker, or *kef* the tobacco-smoker, are perfectly well known types throughout India (where every district has its notorious glutton), in China, and among some African tribes. Indeed, Captain Colvile, in his recent ride through Morocco, became convinced that even Moors, who are distinctly abstemious by habit, count in their ranks men to whom overeating is so attractive that they renew the practices of Vitellius, which scandalized even Rome, and obtain by emetics the power of swallowing two or three successive dinners straight on end.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT thirty patients of the St. Peter Insane Asylum, which was recently partially destroyed by fire, are missing. It is believed that about eleven were burned, and that the others wandered away into the woods or into country places. Many of them—probably most of them—must have perished from exposure during the extremely cold weather which followed the fire.

Such a disaster naturally turns the attention to the much discussed subject of the treatment of the insane. It is certainly mistaken kindness to those who have lost their reason, as well as most unsafe, to keep them unguarded at home. Many a fearful tragedy has been the result of such arrangements. What are the best methods of caring for these unfortunates is one of the most important and interesting of scientific problems. At a recent reception of the National Association for the Protection of the Insane, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, it was stated that there are at least 50,000 insane in the United States, about half of whom are in State hospitals or asylums, 2000 in incorporated or private institutions, 7000 in city or country asylums, and 16,000 in county poor-houses or in the custody of friends. In New York State there are no less than 10,500 persons known to be insane. There is manifestly room for great improvement in the treatment of this unfortunate class in the United States. Great Britain is far ahead of us in this matter. Some of the British asylums are as beautiful and as comfortable as an English gentleman's villa; others are composed of a series of moderate-sized cottages, the inmates of each forming a family, under careful supervision, but not obvious restraint. In one town in Belgium a large proportion of the inhabitants have some care of lunatics, two being placed in each family. In Europe employment is used as a sanitary agent in the case of the insane, and a majority of them are happy and contented in all kinds of industrial capacities. Of course there are many whose mental condition precludes working, but these cases are found to be far less common than is generally supposed. A watched and guarded liberty is believed to be the best treatment in a majority of instances.

According to the recent census returns, the population of New York city is 1,206,577.

A few days before Thanksgiving a cold wave swept over us, bringing a foretaste of our promised "cold winter." It took people rather by surprise, and the destitute poor were really sufferers. The Erie and Oswego canals were closed on November 21, while there were about seven hundred boats between Rochester and Utica.

Arrangements have been made by Mr. Lester Wallack for building a new theatre next spring at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street. As a security against fire the entrance to the theatre will be very broad, and the building so constructed that it can be emptied in about three minutes.

Edwin Booth gives his opinion concerning the *Passion Play*, which is announced to appear in the theatre which bears his name, in the following telegram:

"LONDON, *November* 22.—I have written a protest against the *Passion Play*, and hope it will not be produced. The subject is not a proper one for the playhouse. EDWIN BOOTH."

The closing of the canals, with over seven million bushels of grain thereby locked up, produced quite a commotion in the Produce Exchange.

Captain Smith, of the *Seawanhaka*, was lately presented with a purse of $1200 by some of those who remember his heroism with gratitude.

No student under fourteen years of age will be admitted to the technical schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which open December 6, and continue open until May 1. Applicants must also have some knowledge of drawing. The special object of these schools is to make efficient practical mechanics in carving and painting. There will also be lessons given in drawing and modelling. For full and special courses fees varying from five to seventy-five dollars will be charged, in payment for models and materials. The schools will be held in the building on First Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets.

The following pleasant paragraph appears in the New York *Daily Graphic:*

"The amount of pleasure that our young people have already derived from an acquaintance with *Harper's Young People* weekly will be greatly increased when they find that all the numbers, from November, 1879, to October, 1880, inclusive, have been nicely arranged and published in one large volume. The volume contains an extremely interesting and wholesome amount of literature. The stories are all thoroughly good, and possess a moral that every young boy and girl will do well to learn; nothing exaggerated and tragic, as is the case in most boys' and girls' magazines, but sweet, clever, and extremely elevating in its influence. In addition to the above good qualities the illustrations are capital, the puzzles, enigmas, and so on are exceedingly well chosen, and of a very clean nature. The new volume, containing all the numbers for a year, will enable the readers to peruse the serial stories, which have from time to time been published, at a single sitting.

The *Mildred*, an iron screw steam-ship, which sailed from this port for Marseilles on September 28, foundered in the Atlantic. She was laden with wheat, and all her crew, twenty-three in number, were lost. It is reported that she carried no passengers.

It seems that it is not safe for a gentleman in this highly civilized city to wear a diamond pin in his shirt bosom even in broad daylight. It has always been understood that such ornaments were dangerous at night. The other day, at about nine o'clock in the morning, a gentleman was walking in West Forty-fifth Street. His diamond brooch was rather conspicuous, and presently it was snatched from him by a couple of young men whom he had passed on the street. Of course there was no policeman in sight, and the daring thieves escaped.

The steamer *Narragansett*, which was sunk in the collision with the *Stonington* on June 11, has been thoroughly repaired. Some changes have been made in the interior of the boat, and it is as nearly fire-proof as possible. The *Narragansett* was raised twenty-one days after the accident which cost the lives of so many passengers.

Some unknown poet, in singular strains, bemoans the fate of the "enormous," "mysterious," "exotic" Obelisk, ending his plaint thus:

"And when at last thou standest in thy place,
  Time's cruel brush will whisk
The flakes of ancient sculpture from thy face,
  Ill-fated Obelisk!"

A clergyman in England, after having travelled eight hundred miles on the tricycle, "cordially recommends" it to his fellow-clergymen. He can ride fifty miles a day, going up hill without difficulty; can carry his portmanteau with him, and his young son of twelve years behind him.

Alterations have been planned in the National Academy of Design, so that the Water-color Exhibition and the exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society can be open at the same time, and yet be entirely disconnected.

The Woman's Art School in Cincinnati takes the schools of South Kensington, London, as models.

A distinguished German physician assured people awhile ago that early rising was a great mistake, and did not tend to make men "healthy, wealthy, and wise," but quite the contrary. But now the London *Lancet* says that brain-workers should rise about six o'clock, take a very light breakfast, and then they can enjoy the "luxury of work with a clear brain" for a few hours. In view of this disagreement of authorities, each one had better suit himself—after carefully studying his individual nature.

When, not long ago, the sum total expended on the East River Bridge was announced to be $12,538,677 01, an exchange remarked that "the people would not mind the extra cent if they were certain that the bridge would soon be open to the public." Apparently the work is going on surely though slowly. It is a great task to build such a structure, and there must be patience on all sides.

Clergymen of almost every denomination—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, and Roman Catholic—have plainly expressed their disapprobation of the proposed performance of the *Passion Play* in this city. Even those who do not take the ground of general opposition to the theatre regard the contemplated exhibition as highly unsuitable. The same opinion seems to be held by all persons of refined taste and good sense, whether they approve of the theatre in general or not. Even those who do not make any pretense of religious belief or feeling themselves see the bad taste of publicly offending the religious feeling of thousands of people, and disapprove of a play which will surely do this.

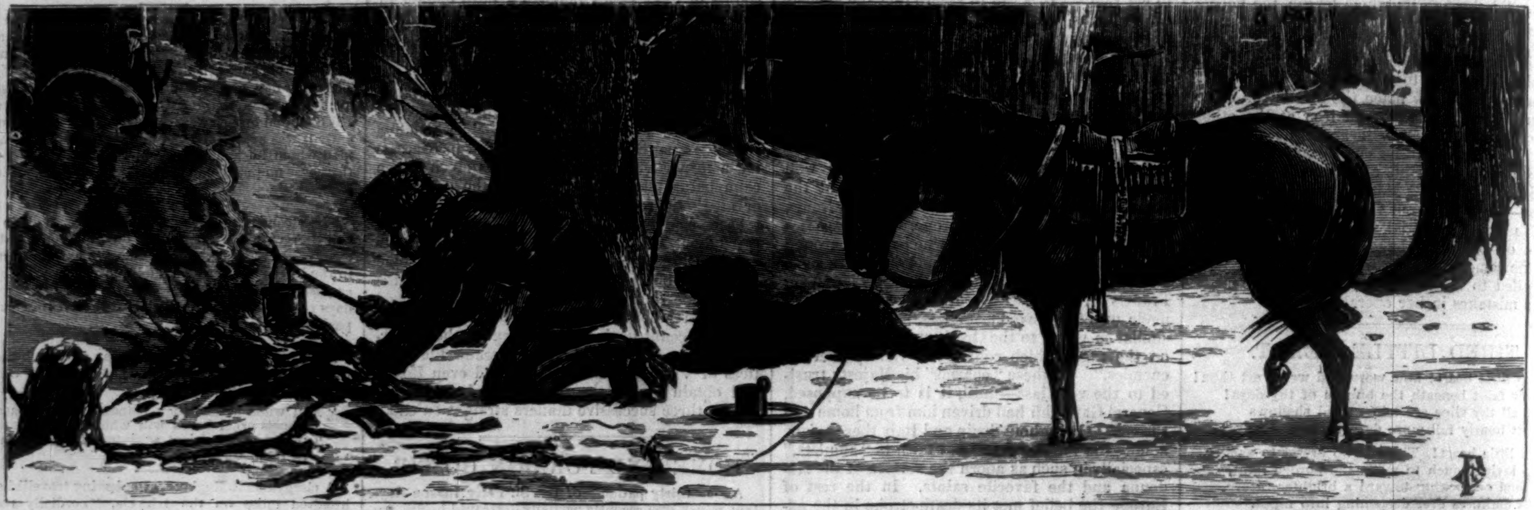
Millions of American cigars are now exported to Europe. How many persons have any idea of the rapidly increasing manufacture of cigars in this city alone? Recently published statistics show that in one large factory in this city 1500 persons are employed, and during the month of October 4,838,550 cigars were delivered to customers.

Many American clergymen have lately received a circular from a London dealer offering "second-hand sermons," boldly lithographed, and very cheap. Some are twenty-five cents apiece; but if that is too expensive, a different quality of sermon may be obtained for ten cents.

Something like thirty years ago five large steamships were built and equipped in New York for the Collins Line. They were considered superior to any steamers then afloat in size, speed, and appointments. Yet they ran at great loss, and finally the company became bankrupt. Misfortunes befell the fine vessels. The *Arctic* was run into by a French vessel at sea, and only a few on board were saved; the *Pacific* sailed from Liverpool, and was never heard of afterward; the *Atlantic*, after rusting at her wharf awhile, was converted into a sailing vessel, and finally broken up; the *Adriatic* is now used as a coal hulk by an English company; and the *Baltic*, which has had various experiences, and has of late years been used as a grain-carrying vessel, was recently injured so as to be unseaworthy, and is to be broken up. So ends the old Collins Line.

FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO—"IS MY NOSE FROZEN?"

FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO AND HE'S LOST THE MATCHES.



TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.

DECEMBER—SOFT SNOW—MISERY.

MARCH—ON THE CRUST—PLEASURE.

NOT IF HE KNOWS IT.

AN AVALANCHE.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SPORT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, like other of the Northern regions of America, abounds in attractions for adventure-loving sportsmen. In its vast forests of pine, cedar, and fir roam the brown, black, and grizzly bears, the lynx, the marten, fox, and wolf. Its rivers are rich in beaver and salmon, and its lakes abound with excellent fish. Formerly it was the richest fur district of the Hudson Bay Company; and to the present day its inhabitants, estimated at 40,000, subsist chiefly by fishing, hunting, and trapping.

The climate of British Columbia is much milder than in the same latitude eastward of the mountains. The lakes are rarely wholly frozen over, and the sportsman or traveller never finds the snow an insuperable impediment except in the mountain passes. The country is therefore peculiarly adapted to winter sports.

As our sketches indicate, however, sportsmen do not always find it a perfect paradise. The thermometer sometimes marks forty degrees below zero, when noses, ears, and fingers are apt to suffer severely. Sometimes the snow is so soft that even snow-shoes do not avail, and the unlucky sportsman goes slumping along, sinking almost knee-deep at every step. The misery of finding out under such circumstances that you have lost your matches, at the very moment when your companion has collected a heap of wood for a fire, may readily be imagined.

CASTING OUT DEVILS IN INDIA.

ABOUT four hundred years ago an ancestor of one of the priests attendant at the shrine of Ghouspore, in the district of Jounpore, Sayud Umur by name, had a great reputation for sanctity. He had been to Mecca, had visited the usual holy places in the grand pilgrimage of Moslemism. In the course of his pilgrimage his own peculiar saint, Ghousul Arim, had appeared to him, ordering him to take a stone from the saint's tomb at Bagdad, and over it to erect a shrine in his own country, which should be endowed with miraculous virtues. It was at Ghouspore that Sayud Umur erected the shrine. A merchant, who owed his fortune, as he believed, to the favor of Ghousul Arim, subsequently enriched it with elaborate work, and erected substantial walls round it. Every year since, on the anniversary

TOIL AND PLEASURE.

of the completion of the shrine, a fair, or *méla*, is held, in which evil spirits are plentifully cast out. No one can tell whether Ghousul Arim himself, or his devout adorer Sayud Umur, was a caster-out of devils, but certain it is that from all the country round, during the month of September, all those possessed in this way, whose friends can afford it, and feel interest enough in them to do it, are collected at this great *méla*, and marvellous is the result.

There are, of course, connected with the shrine professional exorcists, called *ojahs*, who make it their business to attend to those cases in which the relatives or friends are willing to pay liberally for their services. They have their own method of procedure; but violence and the infliction of pain to cast out the devils are the most common. When the cure is not effected almost immediately, the devil is said to be vicious and obstinate. Then severe beating is resorted to, and in some instances cotton wicks, soaked in oil and lighted, are applied to the bodies.

The *Doorgah*, or shrine, at which the fair is held is outside the village. The demoniacs are collected in the court-yard attached to it; and in front of this court-yard is a raised platform, on which stands the officiating priest. He receives a present, in the first instance, from the friends of the demoniacs admitted into the court-yard—women for the most part. None are admitted without some fee, although the amount varies with the ability of the friends—from a pice to a gold mohur, that is, from a farthing to thirty-two shillings. This constitutes the larger portion of the revenue of the *Doorgah*, and is quite distinct from the professional fees paid to the *ojah*, or exorcist. A miraculous influence is supposed to pervade the court-yard at the period of the *méla*, and hence the anxiety of the friends to have their afflicted relatives admitted to the holy precincts. Each particular *ojah* must be feed before he will undertake his incantation, and his fees are determined as to their amount by the ability of the friends of the sufferer.

It is a pitiable sight to see that mass of afflicted humanity collected in the court-yard—old men and old women, young men and young women, youths and maidens, even little children too, are there. But the women are vastly more numerous than the men, usually three times as many. Some of them are fixed and immovable in gaze, taking no interest in anything around them, their eyes set in a glazed stare without intelligence or change. They will gaze at a portion of the building, or at some distant object, as if entranced. Others are violent and noisy, screaming, howling, hooting, or hissing, or imprecating terribly by all their gods; some, in the madness of maniacal aberration, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, crying, kneeling on the ground, bowing their heads with monotonous iteration, sometimes with extraordinary swiftness.

"During the *méla* that has recently taken place at Ghouspore," writes an intelligent correspondent, "a very pretty and interesting-looking young woman was kneeling by the side of her husband. He was duly instructed by an *ojah*, or exorcist. He grasped her firmly with one hand

by the hair, in the other hand he held a stout stick. Under the instructions he received he forced her head down, in repeated bowings, almost to the earth. After every third or fourth obeisance he asked a question at the suggestion of the *ojah*. If the answer was satisfactory, he said, 'Good, good'; if otherwise, he beat her unmercifully with the stick. It was supposed to be an obstinate devil, and could be removed only by beating. But some of the poor wretches operated upon were simply idiots."

A woman named Sidooe had two brothers-in-law, Kublass and Jugroo. Kublass had a child ill with spleen. He sent for a wise man, or soothsayer, named Jerbundhun, to prescribe for the child. Jerbundhun pronounced the child to be possessed of a devil, with which Sidooe, the aunt, who was also a widow, had bewitched it. Sidooe was asked to withdraw the demon. She protested her innocence and ignorance, but as Kublass was importunate with her, she naturally felt indignant, and took out of his hands the management of her property, and gave it to his brother Jugroo. The child of Kublass became worse. Jerbundhun, the mischief-maker, was again called in. What the nature of his secret conference with Kublass was may be inferred from the fact that Sidooe and Jugroo both died soon after. The police heard of the suspicious circumstances attending their death, and a trial ensued. But there was no proof against either of the prisoners, and they were acquitted. Yet there can be little doubt that they compassed the deaths both of the widow and the brother, probably by poison. So baneful is this superstition about evil spirits! Nor did the deaths of Sidooe and Jugroo save the child of Kublass, for it died too.

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For 1881.

THE SPORTSMAN, for the seventh year of its publication now approaching, announces a change of its proprietorship, a reorganization, enlarged size, and improvement in all its departments. The editorial management and the methods and spirit of the paper will remain the same, and it will continue to be the ablest pure sporting journal of this country and continent. It will, however, be so enlarged and improved in every way as to command even greater and wider public confidence and support than it has enjoyed for nearly six years. Its means, enterprise, and circulation will be largely increased. The influence of THE SPORTSMAN, always exerted and to be always exerted in behalf of manly sports, games, and recreations, conducted upon honorable principles, and in conformity with impartial fair play, will now be greatly augmented. As heretofore, it will be the vigilant and fearless adversary of all sorts of chicanery and dishonest device. It will resolutely oppose and denounce corrupt combinations and confederacies which may be entered into for the purpose of despoiling clubs and associations of their money and prizes, and of defrauding the general public. Such conspiracies have always been the bane of public competitive sports and contests. Those who have been the principals and accomplices in them have always been and always will be the most dangerous, and almost the sole enemies of the clubs and associations which manage the turf and its kindred institutions. They corrupt the weak and unprincipled, seduce the unwary, plunder the clubs and associations, and cheat the public of the money invested in wagers. It is the duty of the managers and directors of sporting institutions, and of the Press, to suppress these baneful influences. If they do not do this the corrupt practices of the conspirators will undermine and destroy them. We shall do our share in detecting, denouncing, and defeating the base intrigues and plots by which in a few instances the popularity and prosperity of our public sports and games have been threatened and impaired. The decline of the trotting turf has been brought about by dishonest combinations, and the feeble and foolish policy which negotiated with rogues and trafficked in pardons with notorious offenders. Public confidence is always withdrawn when pernicious practices appear to be tolerated and condoned. When a few men, with aims wholly mercenary, make themselves so notorious that their very presence causes almost universal comment by the public, we shall maintain it to be the right and the duty of those in authority to exclude them from their grounds and premises altogether. Self-preservation will justify the most stringent remedies. THE SPORTSMAN will, as heretofore, resolutely support the authorities of the turf in their administration of the laws of the turf, and it will resist the mistaken clamor by which righteous and impartial decisions have sometimes been ignorantly assailed. It will give full reports of all the races in this country, with such impartial and suitable comments as knowledge and experience may suggest. The leading turf news of England and France will always be found in its columns.

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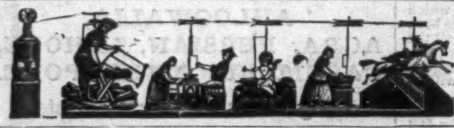

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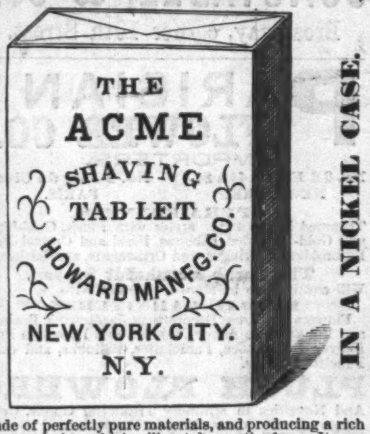

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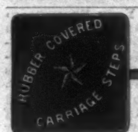

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CHAPTER LI.

THE KEY TO THE ENIGMA.

MATTHEW HELSTON had been lying in his own bed in Cavendish Grove for many a day before he got his wits back, much less was able to give any account of his disappearance. If a less skillful man than Dr. Creyke had been sent for by Mr. Brail, or if there had been a few more hours' delay in finding the Lost Man, he would have been found dead.

As it was, the comforts which poor Sabey had provided in her hopings against hope for his reception, "in case he should have met with some accident or have been taken ill," and which even Amy had looked upon with tender pity rather than approval, were eminently useful. The hot bath, to be prepared at a few minutes' notice—and which was ready by the time he was carried over the threshold—the fire in his room, the beef tea (for so long had been his abstinence that no more solid food could be given to him), were all factors, and not unimportant ones, in the slowly worked-out sum of his recovery.

After the first day or two, however, the doctor pronounced the patient out of danger.

"It is now merely a question of time," he explained to Uncle Stephen, "or rather of constitution (which is gaining ground) *versus* exposure, want, and cerebral excitement (the effects of which are vanishing); it is the last which will remain the longest, and is the least explicable."

"Gad, I think it's explained easily enough," said Mr. Durham. "To be locked up in defiance of the Habeas Corpus Act for three weeks in a cellar is enough to 'cerebrally excite' a saint."

"It is not that, sir," said the doctor, coolly (he had a very gray head and shaggy white eyebrows, from which, combined with his long standing in the profession, he had obtained the sobriquet of "Nestor Creyke," and he treated all the world as his grandchildren). "He has not been suffering from mental irritation, as you imagine; he has not been thinking even of getting out of his place of confinement; his symptoms are the same with those I have observed in a patient of mine who has devoted himself too exclusively to weighing the sun on an empty stomach."

Uncle Stephen, who was as yet by no means himself again, permitted himself a quiet smile, but said nothing. After what had occurred he thought it generally advisable to say very little. Most gentlemen of his age and reputation would have deeply resented the complete and utter failure of his own forebodings, but for his part he was only ashamed of them. When Sabey came every morning to her half-opened door to give him a kiss—which was all he saw of her, for she nev-

er left her husband day or night—he felt that he was obtaining it under false pretenses. How would she feel toward him, he wondered, when she came to hear from his own lips—for he was resolved to tell her—that he had been a traitor to Matthew, not at heart, indeed, but in his too logical mind?

On the second day of Matthew's return Mr. Helston the elder, who had in the interim very thoughtfully absented himself, leaving the little household to take uninterrupted charge of its sick man, dropped in to dinner. He seemed to take it for granted that by-gones were by-gones—indeed, that he, in fact, had been the person aggrieved—and that it was out of the question that he should be otherwise than welcome. After earnest inquiries as to the health of his nephew he proceeded to unburden his mind upon a matter with which it appeared to have been much exercised.

"Who, may I ask," inquired he, "is Mr. Frank Barlow?"

Poor Amy turned scarlet, but Uncle Stephen answered calmly, "A very kind and honest fellow, who lives next door to us."

"Ah, a friend of the family, I presume," said Mr. Helston, "though I never heard of him. Well, that explains what I should otherwise consider a most infernal piece of impertinence. When I left you yesterday I drove straight to Stork's, Q. C., who had gone to spend the day at his club. His clerk said it would be as good as his place was worth to send to him there on business; so I called this morning (when, by-the-bye, he apologized very politely, saying that as a family man he made a point of spending his Christmas-day in complete domesticity).

"'Well,' said I, 'there is no hurry in the matter I called about; only I wished for certain to secure your services in an action for libel, which will at once be instituted by a nephew of mine against one Lady Pargiter.'

"'Now that's curious,' he said, 'for I am retained in that affair already.'

"'What! for the defense? By that woman?'

"'No, for the prosecution. I got a telegram from Paris last night, from your nephew's attorney, Mr. Frank Barlow.'

"'The deuce you have!' said I. 'I didn't even know he had an attorney.' I thought I had been pretty quick in securing Stork; and also, as Matthew's uncle, I think I might have been trusted to do it."

"But Mr. Barlow didn't know you were in town," observed Uncle Stephen, conciliatingly; "nor even— Dear me! how should he?"

"I see; you mean that there was no reason to trust to me before yesterday," returned the old man, dryly. "Well, perhaps not. But this young fellow—Stork told me he was quite young—must be a deuced sharp practitioner."

"Mr. Barlow is a very intelligent man," observed Uncle Stephen, taking care to avert his eyes from Amy, "and to his astuteness and good-will, as Mr. Brail told me yesterday, it is solely owing that our nephew is still alive. He went over to Paris, and discovered in twenty-four hours where poor Matthew was. *How* he got there we don't know even now, but he was starving. Brail's view is that the man who shut him up there, whoever he was, had become savage because he couldn't sell the diamonds, and had cut off his supplies of food. It's one of the most abominable cases that were ever heard of. However, the villain has been arrested for the murder of somebody else by the French police."

"Then they will be sure to discover extenuating circumstances," put in Mr. Helston. "However," he added, rubbing his hands, "my Lady Pargiter, who called my nephew a thief, is, thank Heaven, in England. We shall trounce *her*."

"Oh, Mr. Helston," cried Amy, "do not let us think of revenge and retribution now; let us only be thankful. If you could but see poor Sabey, her heart has no room for aught but gratitude to Heaven for having sent her back her Lost One, even though he looks so ill and pale and weak."

"My dear young lady," observed Mr. Helston, coolly, "I hope he will *look* all that for some time to come, however rapid may be his recovery. His appearance in court under such circumstances will be worth an extra thousand pounds. One of the things to live for will be to hear Stork's address to the jury."

There never was a warmer partisan than Roger Helston, nor one who took a greater delight in fighting.

There was fighting now, although at present of a desultory character, "all along the line," as regarded the "Great Moor Street Mystery," as it was called. Although Mr. Barlow, on the instant of receiving news from the detective of Matthew's discovery, had taken action, as we have seen, on his behalf, his innocence was by no means established in other quarters. The conviction of it did not strike even Mr. Signet with the force that it struck Mr. Barlow; while Lady Pargiter, still without her diamonds, was quite as ready to believe Helston had taken them as ever. It was true that he had been found imprisoned, and under circumstances of some discomfort, but that might have arisen from a quarrel between him and his confederates over the spoil. Not one jot did she abate of her confident virulence against both him and his employer, which the latter met with defiance, indeed, but a little secret misgiving. For, even supposing Helston had no hand in abstracting the jewels, if they had been taken from him by force after they had been handed to him by Lady Pargiter, the jeweller would be equally responsible; if they were really proved to be in Paris, he felt that the mere absence of Matthew's receipt for them would not invalidate her ladyship's claim.

As for Mr. Brail, as became a man of his prudence and profession, he "kept his mind open" until the following circumstance dropped into it and filled up the aperture.

On the second night after the discovery of Matthew Helston a certain shambling figure might have been seen furtively making its way up Moor Street till it reached No. 11, and in fact *was* seen by one who recognized it, as with trembling fingers it was endeavoring to fit the latch-key into the door of the empty house. Mr. Brown, who was still on duty (in case of this very contingency, impossible though it might have seemed), arrested it.

"Don't ee, don't ee," it pleaded, piteously; "I've only brought some bread and meat to eat upon the doorstep."

"Uncommon nice place for a picnic," observed Mr. Brown, dryly. "You opened the door, I suppose, for ventilation?"

Solomon himself would have found it difficult to reply to this question satisfactorily. Mr. Richard Dartmoor (for he it was) felt it to be unanswerable, and took refuge in physiological phenomena. "When a man has had 'the jumps' for a day or two he don't know rightly where he lives, but goes about trying doors."

"I see," said Mr. Brown, taking possession of the latch-key. "I shall have great pleasure in seeing you home."

And he took him to the police station.

In saying that he had been suffering from "the jumps" (an unscientific term for *delirium tremens*), Mr. Dartmoor had for once told the truth; and, what was still more extraordinary, he had been caught in the commission of what was (comparatively speaking) a good action; though, in consequence of his late malady and the alarm consequent upon his apprehension, it was some days before he could explain matters.

On his failure to enlist John Rutherford in Captain Langton's designs for carrying off the Pargiter diamonds, that gentleman had been compelled to turn his thoughts to some other scheme for accomplishing his purpose. And this was the ingenious device the captain had hit upon.

No. 11 Moor Street was rather an ambitious residence for a gentleman who lived upon his wits to take on hand, but nevertheless he did so; though his delay in completing the preliminaries was so considerable that, as we have seen, it aroused the suspicions of Messrs. Carberry. He had no intention, however, of furnishing the mansion, which he only required for temporary purposes. Its attraction for him—though not a sentimental one—lay in its being next door to Lady Pargiter's. Not once, nor twice, but often, on his return in early winter mornings from the "Frobisher," or other of his favorite haunts, had he mistaken—not through drunkenness, for he never drank, but from fatigue, the darkness of the night, rain, snow, and other causes—his own modest-looking lodging-house for another of the same pattern. The circumstance might have happened to every man, and might happen, he justly reasoned, again. Only to make it happen in the particular case he had in his mind he took extraordinary precautions. He furnished the hall of No. 11 exactly as the hall next door was furnished, of which he took care to make a personal observation. Besides Mr. Dartmoor he had two other assistants in his pay, and these he caused to be attired in the self-same livery—canary, trimmed with silver lace—worn by the servants of Lady Pargiter. In this world, unhappily, no plan can be devised that shall be totally independent of "happy chance" for its success; and more than once had all Captain Langton's preparations been made in vain. Twice had Matthew Helston driven away in his cab with the diamonds according to expectation, but on each occasion one or other of Lady Pargiter's tall footmen had been standing at the door watching the weather or in rapt admiration of the stars, until the cab had turned the corner of the street, and the captain's opportunity was lost. But the third time Fate relented, and even played into his hands.

The night, as we know, on which Matthew Helston disappeared was an exceptionally tempestuous one. The sky was starless, the wind was roaring, and the snow was falling heavily; a sort of night when in the country it is said "one can not see one's hand," and when in town the flickering gas affords but untrustworthy guidance. No sooner had Matthew left the portico of No. 10 than the footman slammed the door behind him to keep out the sleet and snow. Then came the captain's opportunity. John Rutherford had not driven twenty yards when the same footman (to all appearance) appeared at his side, having been sent, he said, by his mistress's orders to bring Mr. Helston back again—something had been forgotten, or at all events his presence was imperatively desired. Matthew was surprised, no doubt; but the cabman was only disgusted. With the wind and snow full in his face he drove back to the open door (as it seemed) he had just quitted: the lights and the liveries flashed on his dazzled eyes, and then the door closed upon his fare—who was lying gagged and bound behind it.

In a minute more the footman appeared with that message from his mistress with which we are acquainted, and which informed honest John that his employer had accepted Lady Pargiter's hospitality for the night. He drove off nothing loath to go straight home instead of to Paulet Street, and in the full conviction that he had left Matthew Helston at No. 10.

It was by no means Captain Langton's object to kill his prisoner; not that from any moral consideration he was one to "draw the line" at murder, but because he knew that the law, which is so marvellously indifferent to other crimes against the person (as compared with those against property), does draw the line there. Nay, notwithstanding what had been stated to Captain Langton's own disparagement in the way of nautical crime, the law does take some sort of cognizance of murder even at sea. About murder on land it is still more punctilious, and the captain prudently refrained from irritating its susceptibilities by shedding blood. His intention was to keep his man in close confinement, in a place where nobody would think of looking for him, till the diamonds of which he had been robbed should be disposed of, and this last enterprise he took into his own hands.

Within half an hour after his victim was secured the jewels were in the captain's lodgings, and he had shown himself at the "Frobisher," where many of the company, no doubt, thought he had been there the whole evening. It would not have been difficult, in short, had circumstances required it, for him to have established an *alibi*. Some people—and especially when it is an important matter—can only think of one thing at a time; but this was not the case with the captain. It was his habit, whenever it could be accomplished (as at dummy whist), to kill two birds with one stone, and he had another object in his eye even when it was fixed on the Pargiter diamonds. When Phœbe Mayson parted company with Major Lovell she fell low indeed, but never quite so low as, in her self-humiliation and abasement, she had described herself to have done to Mr. Barlow. After her chance meeting with Matthew Helston she had striven to live a virtuous life; a difficult task, indeed, for one who has fallen and is without the means of livelihood. It was during this period of well-nigh hopeless struggle that she had resided in Bleak Street and had become acquainted with Langton. She made no secret of her past nor of her good resolutions for the future, and he was certainly not the man to shake them. She had probably never entertained any feeling toward him warmer than indifference. That is the relation, however, in which many—and much more respectable—young persons find themselves with respect to their future husbands, and for her there was a great excuse; marriage in her case meant, or appeared to do so, salvation. Imagine what her life must have been as the debtor of that Bleak Street lodging-house keeper!

As to Langton, he was a married man, though, to do him justice, had he been a bachelor he would have sacrificed himself at the altar all the same rather than have been balked of his fancy. When he coveted anything he never put to himself the question, "Is it right?" (he would have considered that to have been a metaphysical absurdity), but "Can I be punished for acquiring it, and how much?" To one who had just robbed and kidnapped a fellow-creature, bigamy seemed a venial offense—that is to say, it would entail no worse penalties than those he had already incurred. How he went through the form of marriage with the girl, and took her to Paris, and what came of it, we know. What happened on the night of the murder we do not know; but it is probable that, from the vehemence of her accusations, he made a shrewd guess at the old relation between her and Matthew, and, incensed in his turn, described Helston to her (to spite her) as being in even a worse plight than he imagined him to be. There was no evidence that Langton meant to starve his victim. Mr. Richard Dartmoor had had, indeed, instructions to provide him nightly with a sufficiency of food, and to telegraph the state of matters in Moor Street to his employer every morning. Only, having given way to the seductions of liquor, "the jumps" had seized him, and caused an intermittence in his visits to No. 11 that had been well-nigh fatal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE FAIRY STORIES CAME FROM.

FEW points about modern archæological inquiry are more interesting than the unexpected light which it often casts upon old traditions, superstitions, and folk-lore. From year to year it has been becoming ever more certain that many of the supposed fabulous creatures in old mythologies are really historical beings or races viewed through a later superstitious medium. And of none is this clearer than of our old nursery favorites, the fairies. Fact after fact has been recently recovered about the origin of the fairy mythology, until at last we may piece together with considerable certainty the broken fragments of evidence, and obtain a tolerably clear view of who the fairies really were.

It is a well-known fact that in all popular tales the early enemies of the tribe always become figured at length as demons, sprites, or ogres—beings of supernatural power and mischievous habits. Most of these fanciful creatures are gigantic in size, as is natural in the case of foemen, whose prowess is apt to be exaggerated in the mouths of those who have to fight with them. Especially in the legends of a conquered and expatriated race the conquering race is of course figured as of vast size and strength. The peculiarity of the fairies is that they are small, though very spiteful. Now it is certain that before the Aryan invasion of Europe the whole continent was inhabited by an aboriginal people, short of stature and dark in complexion, who built many of the existing megalithic monuments, and especially the great stone circles of England and France. These people were identical in blood and tongue with the modern Basques, and they used weapons of polished stone alone. When the Celts, the first wave of the Aryan inundation, burst upon Western Europe, they found this small race of Stone Age men in possession of the country; and, being themselves a larger and stronger tribe, with weapons of bronze, they conquered and enslaved or assimilated the Euskarian aborigines. But in their legends and popular tales they kept up the memory of the little people whom they had vanquished, and who have descended to our own times as the fairies. These tales cluster specially round the megalithic structures, or elf-stones, and round the stone weapons, arrow-heads, and celts, which were the relics of the conquered Euskarian race. Wherever such relics are found, stories of elves and fairies are common.

The fairy superstition lives on most firmly in the purely Celtic parts of Britain—such as Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and Cornwall. But the Anglo-Saxon and other Teutonic conquerors in Great Britain and on the Continent learned and preserved the legends from the conquered Celts. Around the barrows of the Stone Age chieftains stories of fairies—or, as the Teutons call them, elves—still survive. There can be little doubt that they are, in fact, lingering memories of the great man supposed to haunt the neighborhood of the tomb which is the home of his spirit. As to the name "fairy" itself, it has rather a curious history. It descends direct from the Latin *fata*, which was used by the Romanized Gauls to translate their native name for the elves. But from being a neuter plural, it becomes in the Romance languages a feminine singular—*fada* in Provençal, *fée* in French. Fay is the true Norman-English equivalent. Strictly speaking, *féerie* or *fairy* is only the collective form of this word, like Englishry, Irishry, and so forth; but it has practically grown once more into a mere singular.

Now the links which connect these modern Romance fairies or Teutonic elves with the ancient Euskarian ghosts are many and strong. To detail them in full would require a whole volume. In Anglo-Saxon legend the fairies appear as dwarfs—little clever spiteful souls, who live always under-ground, and who make magic weapons and charmed rings, and dig out the treasures of the earth. Of course the ghost lives under-ground in the barrow; and as to the magic weapons, they answer to the stone arrow-heads still known in Scotland under the name of elf-bolts and fairy-shots. In Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Italy, and other countries, these arrow-heads are regarded as magical, and supposed to possess the power of curing or averting disease. The reason why is clear enough; for all disease is sent by the elves, the national enemies, and it is a well-known popular superstition that if you possess anything belonging to an enemy, you can use it as a magic charm against him. The charmed rings, again, are obviously the stone whorls of spindles; and the treasures are the gold or amber ornaments found in the barrows. All small objects discovered under-ground are popularly attributed to the fairies: so much so, that even a small type of tobacco pipe once manufactured at Amesbury, and now sometimes dug up in gardens, is ordinarily known as a "fairy pipe." Furthermore, the places where stone weapons are found often bear names connecting them with the elves. In France, caves in which such weapons occur are generally marked by the titles Traou deis Fadas in the south, and Grotte des Fées in the north. At Linde, in Sweden, is an earth-fast stone (marking an ancient grave) popularly called "the Elf-Stone," and having on its surface six small holes. When a child is ill, or "elf-struck," the women of the neighborhood visit this stone, smear the holes with fat or butter, and place in them, as offerings, small dolls made of rags. Here we have a survival from the old sacrifice offered to avert the ghost, while it is probable enough that the dolls are the last substitute for human victims. Elf-pots and fairy-stones exist in many other places. In Scotland one such elfin stone has given a name to a place, and through the place to the family of Elphinstone. Even the connection of the fairy rings on the grass (where the "little people" were supposed to dance) with the mythology of elves is probably due to their resemblance to the "fairy circles," or rings of upright stones, at Avebury and elsewhere. It is significant, too, that the elves, or fairies, though spiteful and fond of mischief, are a powerless race, and are constantly held at the call of a human being by some charm or amulet, which he has only to rub in order to command their presence.

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O LAND so dear! O land so fair!
O land so far away!
Now, Scots, no matter where you bide,
Come chant a strain to-day.
To "Scotland yet" your bonnets lift,
Give her a hearty cheer,
From Shetland's isles to Galloway
Wish her a Happy Year.
Here's to the land o' cakes!—fill your glasses.
Here's to her honest men and bonnie lasses!

Here's to the land o' cakes! It's fed
A wale of noble men—
Brave men, with claymores swift and sharp,
Wise ones, with ready pen.
Their name and fame o'er all the earth,
O'er Scotland's hills and dells,
Is sweet and fresh as her wild flowers,
And pure as her bluebells.
Here's to the land o' cakes!—fill your glasses—
Her men so brave and wise, her bonnie lasses!

Here's to her honest, happy homes,
Her wives and maids so fair,
Her hearth-stones bright with lowe of love,
And sanctified with prayer!
Let every man a moment now
Think of his own home-nest,
Then whisper to his loyal heart
The name that he loves best.
Here's to the land o' cakes!—fill your glasses.
Here's to her honest men and bonnie lasses!

And here's to Scotland's dear old songs!
Not one of them we'll tyne.
Here's Burns's glorious melodies!
And here's to Auld Lang Syne!
The lilt of siege and battle-field,
The song of Love and Home,
They're dear to us as Scotland's tongue
Wherever we may roam.
Here's to the land o' cakes!—fill your glasses—
Her songs of honest men and bonnie lasses!

Once more "to Mother Scotland!" lads—
Her honest name and fame!
She has no son among us all
Will do her wrong or shame.
To bonnie Scotland bonnets lift,
Give her a hearty cheer,
From Shetland's isles to Galloway
Wish her a Happy Year.
Here's to the land o' cakes!—fill your glasses.
Here's to her honest men and bonnie lasses!

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